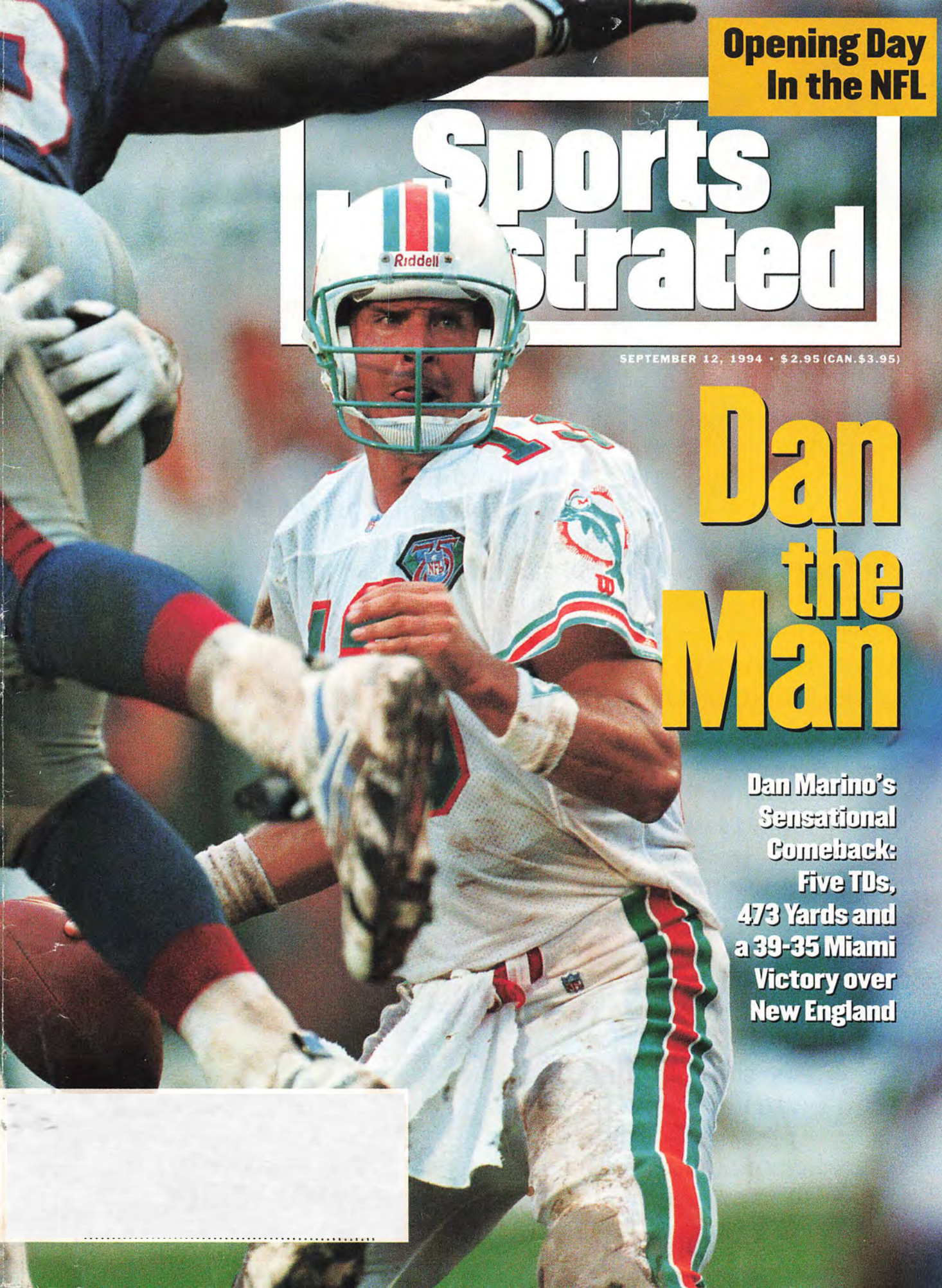
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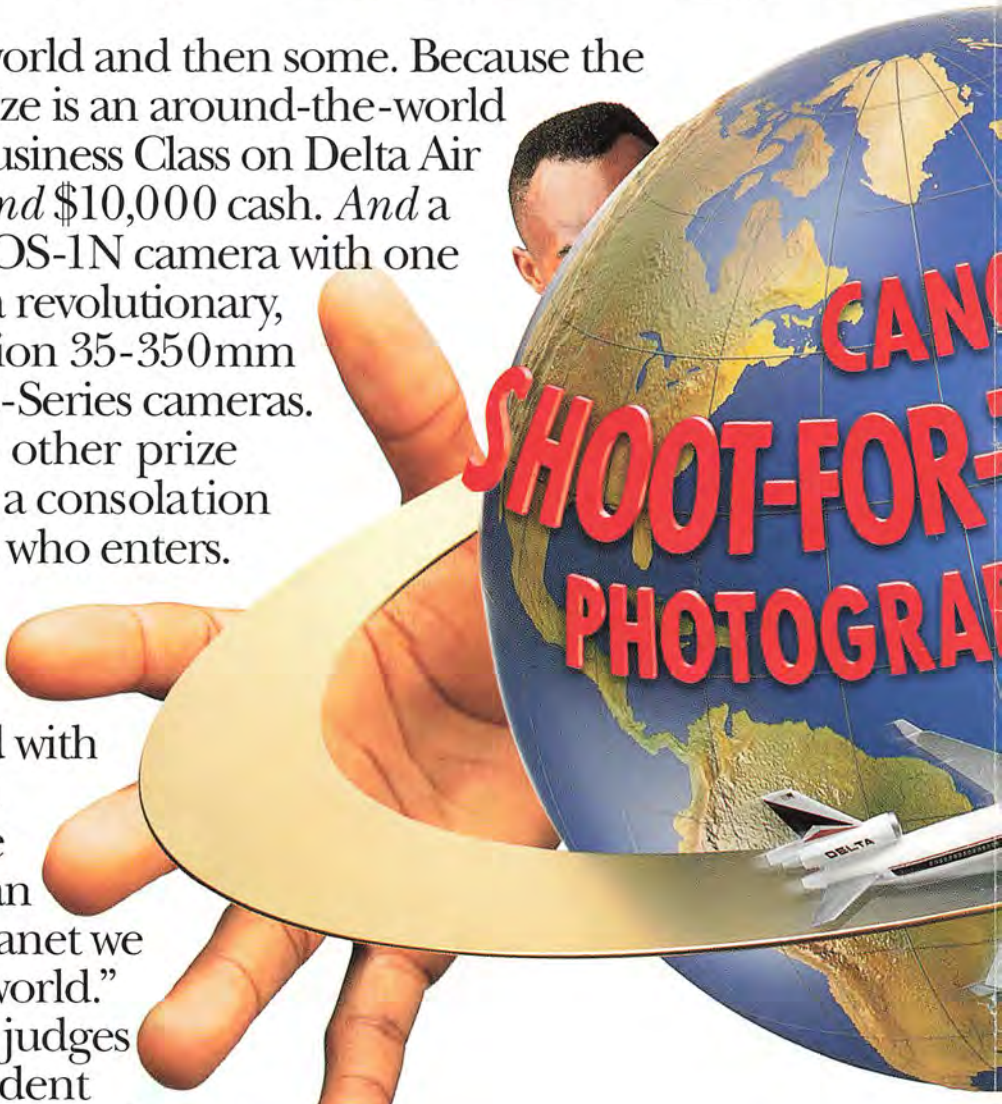
The world and then some. Because the Grand Prize is an around-the-world trip via Business Class on Delta Air Lines*. *And* $10,000 cash. *And* a new Canon EOS-1N camera with one of our newest lenses, a revolutionary, ultra-high-magnification 35-350mm zoom for Canon EOS-Series cameras.

Plus, there are 16 other prize packages as well. *And* a consolation prize for every person who enters.

We're calling this contest "Shoot For The Sphere" because most sports are played with a spherical object and the Grand Prize, as we said, is nothing less than the spherical planet we know as "the world." And since the judges are independent photographers and sports personalities, they'll be calling all the shots fairly, exactly as they see them.

It doesn't matter whether your camera



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*Some portion of international travel will be provided by Swissair, Delta's partner in the Global Exellence Alliance.

We're staging our biggest photo contest ever, to celebrate the biggest news in SLR cameras: Canon's new EOS-1N, arriving in October 1994. All the reliability and advanced features of the famed EOS-1. Plus a new auto focus system that lets you select any of five focus points in the viewfinder.

Categories.

Whether you're a Canon camera owner or a Brand X camera owner, you're invited to submit up to three entries in any of the five categories listed below. Subject, of course, to the rules on the official entry form. Available, of course, at participating Canon U.S.A. camera authorized dealers.

Basketball Lots of opportunities here, what with a team in almost every school and a hoop in almost every driveway. Not to mention a ball that's too big to miss and a season that almost never seems to end.

Baseball Hey, up there in the right field bleachers! Even if you don't have an EOS-1N with all 47 EF lenses, there are still possibilities. The vendor, perhaps, lobbing bags of peanuts from behind his back?

Football Pigskin flying, covered with mud. Home team's star receiver reaching, but wait! Defense deflects pass and receiver gets the penalty: a face full of mud! Great shot, if you and your camera are ready.

Tennis "Uhhhhh!" Follow the bouncing ball carefully through a viewfinder, and turn a wicked serve into a divine set of prizes. Travel on Delta Air Lines. Cash. A Canon camera. You could, you know. The possibility is open.

Others You're into pog and pool instead of mass-media sports? This category covers everything that involves a round, moving object. And it leaves room for creativity in the topic as well as the execution.

Prizes.

Temple-gaze in Bangkok, find peace in Geneva, do the theater in London. It's the trip of a lifetime on Delta Air Lines, with cash to spend and a fine Canon camera. Look what you could win, by looking through a viewfinder:

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Second Prizes (one for each of the five categories). •$2,000 cash. •Canon EOS Elan camera with EF75-300mm f/4-5.6 USM lens.

Third Prizes (one for each of the five categories). •$1,000 cash. •Canon EOS Rebel XS camera with EF80-200mm f/4.5-5.6USM lens.

Consolation Prizes (one for each entrant). Full-color portfolio of winning entries.

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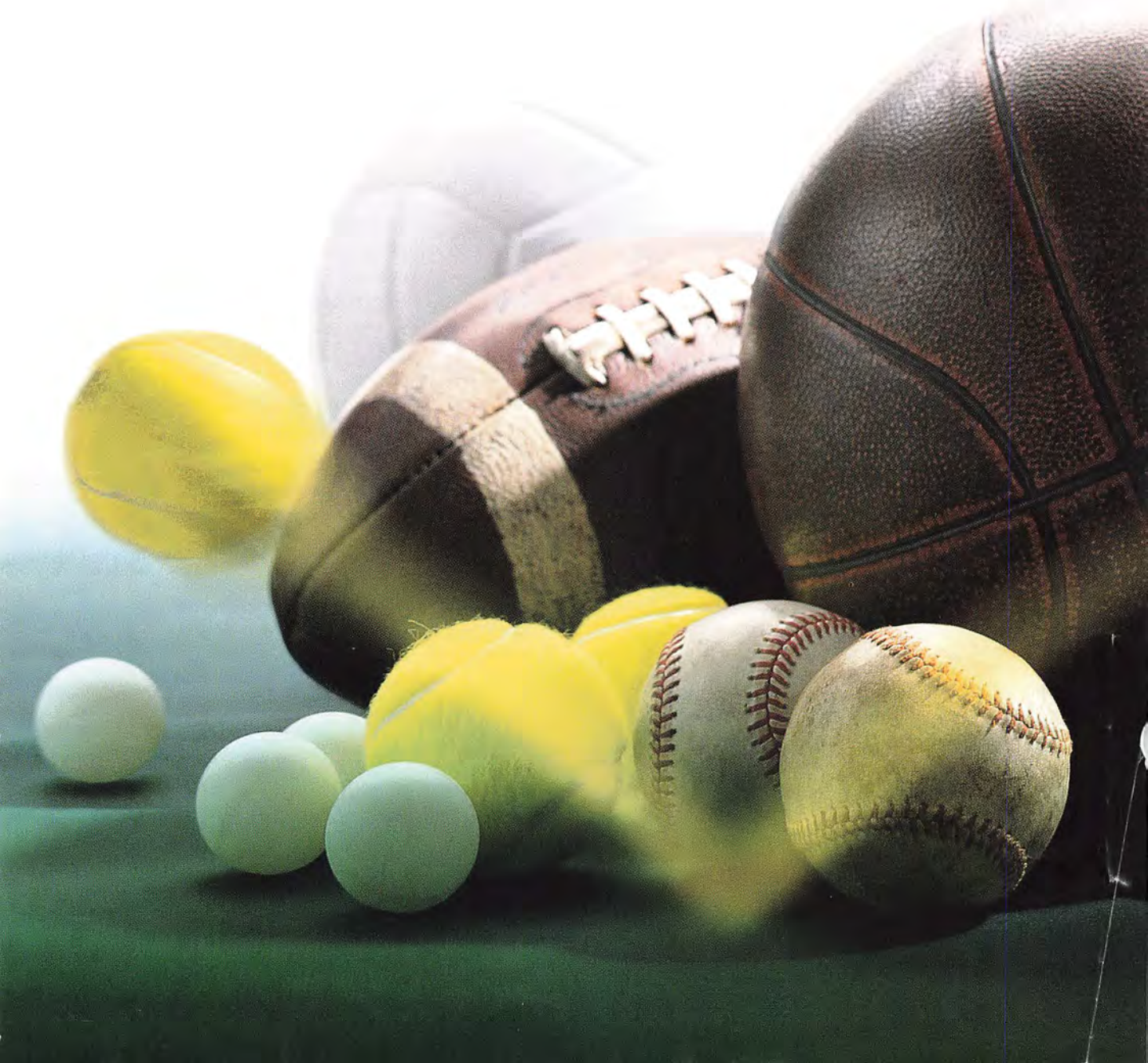

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Get an entry form at a participating Canon U.S.A. camera authorized dealer. The stakes are big: about 28,000 miles in circumference.

But first, a word from the sponsor.

This contest is brought to you by Canon, the world's leading maker of cameras. Sophisticated, SLR cameras with the broadest range of auto focus lenses for professionals and serious amateurs. Plus a complete selection of easy-to-carry compact cameras. It's an impressive lineup. And you can see it at your Canon U.S.A. camera authorized dealer.

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is a Canon or not. What does matter is originality and composition. Which shouldn't be too hard to achieve, because great photographs can happen in almost any sporting event. Whether it's hotshots butting heads in a stadium or dogs catching Frisbees in a park.

So pick up a free entry form at any participating Canon U.S.A. camera authorized dealer (no purchase necessary). Then pick up your camera, and start looking at round things through the viewfinder at sporting events.

Do it by December 31, 1994 (that's the entry deadline). And after the winners are announced in March, you just might end up looking at that round thing called "the world." Through the windows of a Delta MD-11.

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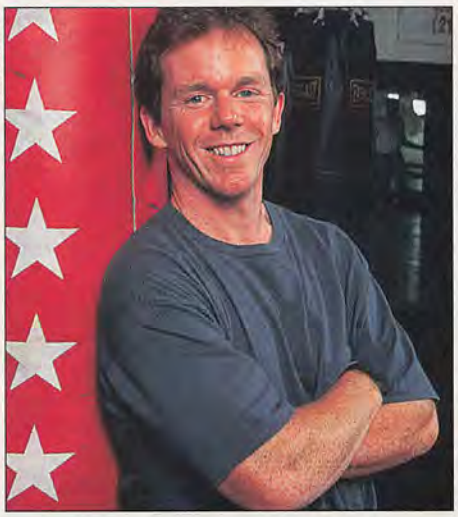
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Richard O'Brien tells of the night a few years ago when, during the monthly meeting of his eclectic Princeton, N.J., poker group, he was asked to spin a few yarns about the NCAA wrestling championships, which he had covered for SI that week. As soon as he could O'Brien turned the conversation from himself, as is his wont, by asking Don Schneider, an astronomer then with Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, what he had been up to. "Well," said Schneider, "this week I discovered the most distant object in the universe."

Says O'Brien: "That tends to keep you humble."

We would be willing to bet that Schneider has also discovered a few things while hanging out with O'Brien. SCORECARD is SI's repository for this and that, so it is entirely fitting that O'Brien—who helps to write and edit the section and has been its heart and soul for the past two years—has done a lot of this and a lot of that. He has competed in gymnastics, boxing and marathon running; taken an art history class with Jodie Foster (he received his B.A. in history from Yale in 1981, Foster got her B.A. in American literature in '85); written a collection of short stories (while at Columbia pursuing a master's of fine arts, which he earned in '84); sold running shoes to Dustin Hoffman; lived for a year in a farmhouse in Italy with his wife, Lolly; and fathered two daughters, Daisy, 8, and Valentina, 4.


JOHN IACONO

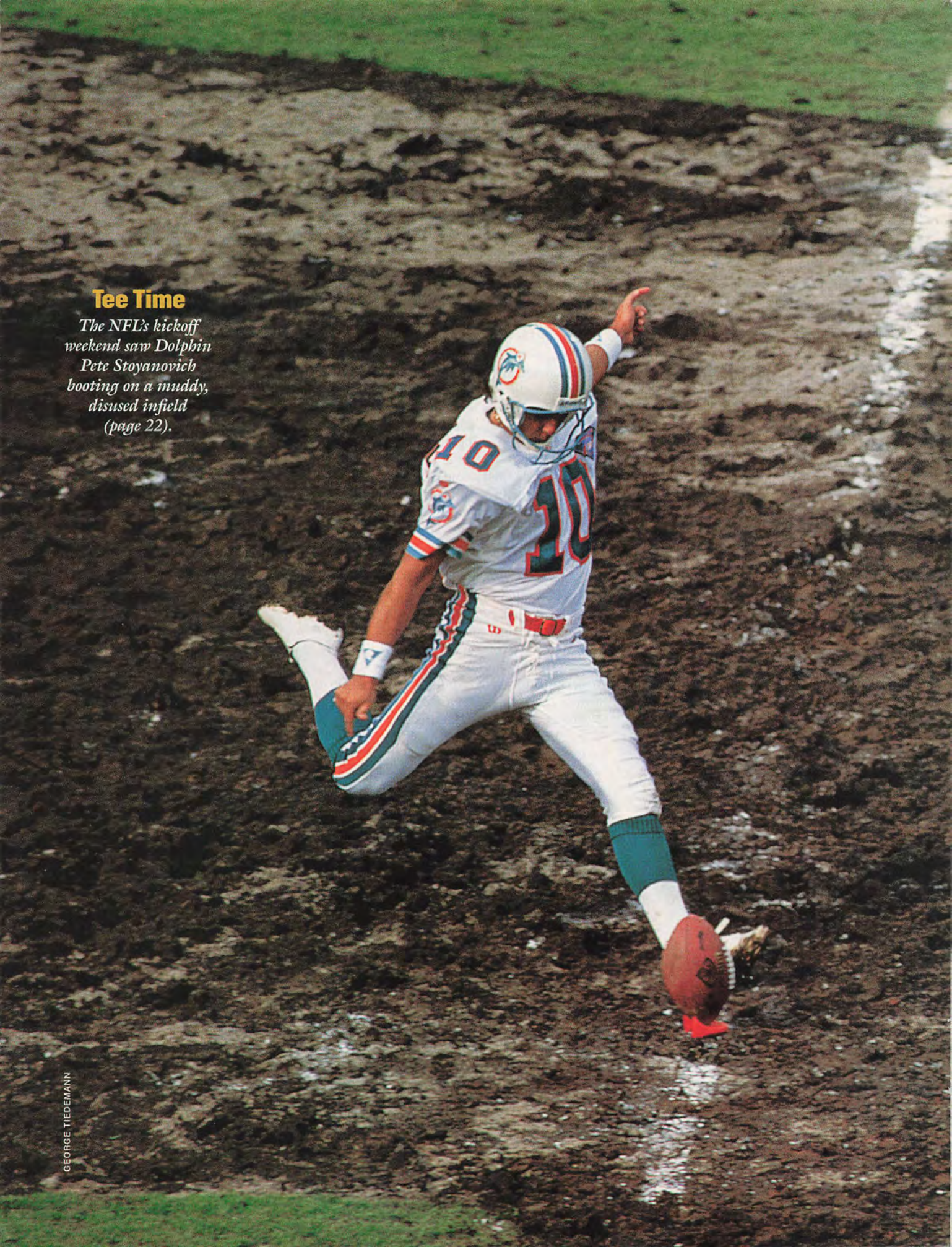
Ex-boxer O'Brien adds punch to Scorecard.

Since coming to SI in 1988 he has written about cycling, fencing, gymnastics, ice boating, softball, stock car racing and table tennis while also serving as a clearinghouse for information on Irish history, the Grateful Dead and canoeing. Inevitably, in November '92, SCORECARD came calling. "I don't check information out of the library," says senior writer Jack McCallum, who has worked with O'Brien on SCORECARD for the past 11 months. "I just check information out of Rich."

Though O'Brien, 35, is still an avid runner—he is the codirector of the Princeton Fete 10-K—and remembers with fondness his days of shoeing celebrities at the Super Runners Shop on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, where he lived before moving to Princeton ("I got Dustin, but I was off the day Mick Jagger came in"), he feels most passionate about boxing. For SI he has profiled ring announcer Michael (Let's Get Ready to Rummmbuuul!) Buffer and gathered information for stories on two heavyweight champions in diverse ways—he sat in NBC's green room while Buster Douglas chatted with David Letterman, and he went bowling with Evander Holyfield. Rich's grandfather Frank O'Brien—"a classic featherweight with gnarled knuckles and a flattened nose" is the way Rich describes him—was a pretty fair boxer in his hometown of St. Louis. "Family lore has it that Grandpa read only one book in his life," says Rich, "and that was A.J. Liebling's *The Sweet Science*." If Frank were still alive, by now he probably would have added *A Boxing Companion* to that list, since it was written, in 1991, by his grandson.

Rich was an amateur boxer himself until a couple of broken noses drove him to gymnastics and running. Fine with us. It was all necessary training for him to become one of the most versatile objects in *our* universe.

Mark Mulvoy



Tee Time

The NFL's kickoff weekend saw Dolphin Pete Stoyanovich booting on a muddy, disused infield (page 22).

GEORGE TIEDEMANN

Sports Illustrated

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Cover Photograph by **Walter Iooss Jr.**

Steve Rushin's article *How We Got Here* was the icing on your anniversary cake. I look forward to many more successful years of SI.

KENNETH WALTON, ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

40 Years of Sports

When I read Mark Mulvoy's statement in TO OUR READERS (Aug. 16) that Steve Rushin's article *How We Got Here* was the longest that SI has ever run in one issue, I put off reading it for several days. When I did, I not only breezed through it, but I also found that Rushin had filtered 40 years of sports into what now seem the five most telling subjects of the past four decades.

JEFFREY GOLDFARB, *Washington, D.C.*

Rushin did a terrific job of profiling four men who are representative of pro sports in the last 40 years: the innovative television executive, the flamboyant owner, the enterprising promoter and the strong-willed, independent athlete. Unfortunately, the mix of personalities like these is inevitably a volatile one, leading to player strikes, contract disputes, escalating ticket prices and overcommercialism.

GREG KORN, *San Antonio*

Perhaps the biggest change in sports has come in the role of the athlete. The notion of a player working in the off-season to supplement his income now seems quaint, while the idea that a retiring player could consider buying a franchise is unsurprising.

Baseball was the first to pay its players lavish salaries. It did so because it was forced to by an extraordinary union leader, Marvin Miller. Love him or hate him, he should have been the subject of one of Rushin's profiles.

DAVID KAHAN and JAMES BUCKING, *Boston*

Having handled public relations for the Cleveland Browns from 1961 to '64, I was especially delighted with the profile of Jim Brown. We should remember that he set his records in 12- and 14-game seasons. Today NFL teams play 16 games. Most people don't know that he almost never fumbled, perhaps a dozen times in his career, and two of those fumbles came in a game in which he played with one hand in a cast.

MARSH SAMUEL, *Delray Beach, Fla.*

I enjoyed your 40th-anniversary issue, but I was surprised that the names of the two other men on the cover of your first issue were not included along with that of Eddie Mathews. The catcher was Wes Westrum, and the umpire was Augie Donatelli—the answer to a good trivia question.

JOSEPH DECLAN MORAN, *Miami*

Justice for Jennings

E.M. Swift writes in your Aug. 1 issue *(World Class)*, "The last time an American won a medal in a distance race on a track at the Olympics was in 1964 when Bob Schul and Bill Delinger placed first and third in the 5,000 and Billy Mills won gold in the 10,000." In fact, Lynn Jennings got a bronze medal in the 1992 Olympic women's 10,000 meters in Barcelona.

GORDON BAKOULIS, *New York City*

• In addition, some track aficionados consider the steeplechase a distance event, and George Young (1968) and Brian Diemer ('84), both Americans, earned bronzes in that race.—ED.

JOHN BIEVER

Jennings (right) got the bronze in '92.

In this era of smack-talking, sound-bite-driven, in-your-face media coverage, it was refreshing to read the letters in your 40th-anniversary issue from charter subscribers who cherish the written word. Just last month my brother and I were summoned to New York to clear out our parents' attic. Once up there in the stifling midsummer heat, we jockeyed for position, amid mothballs and basketballs, for the best old issues of SI. I got one with a Dollar Bill Bradley article. Dave got the NBA-ABA merger issue. Damn!

My youth was recaptured with each SI cover we found in that sweatbox. Do me a favor, though: Ask those charter subscribers how they haul these babies around when they move. I've ended up with a mountain of magazines that's bigger than life itself.

PERRY ZANE BINDER, *Miami*

A Canceled Dream

This is difficult to write. I am an average guy: raised in Rochester, N.Y.; youngest of seven kids; now living in New England. My father still lives in Rochester, and he has a love for baseball that spans 70 years.

Last December my wife and I gave my dad a framed print of the new ballpark in Baltimore, along with a promise to take him to the home of his beloved Orioles. The promise became a mission when I learned that my father has cancer and is not expected to live to see another fall. It's not easy to get tickets to Camden Yards, especially living in another part of the country, but through a friend I got tickets for two Oriole games against my favorite team, the Boston Red Sox.

You know the rest. Here I sit. My father sits in Rochester. This trip was not about baseball, but it needed baseball for it to happen. This trip was about fathers and sons resolving things and storing memories; about a son getting that one-in-a-million chance to make his parents' dreams come true, just as they always tried to do for him. Now the owners and players have canceled my dad's dream. Over what?

ED KELLY, *East Hartford, Conn.*

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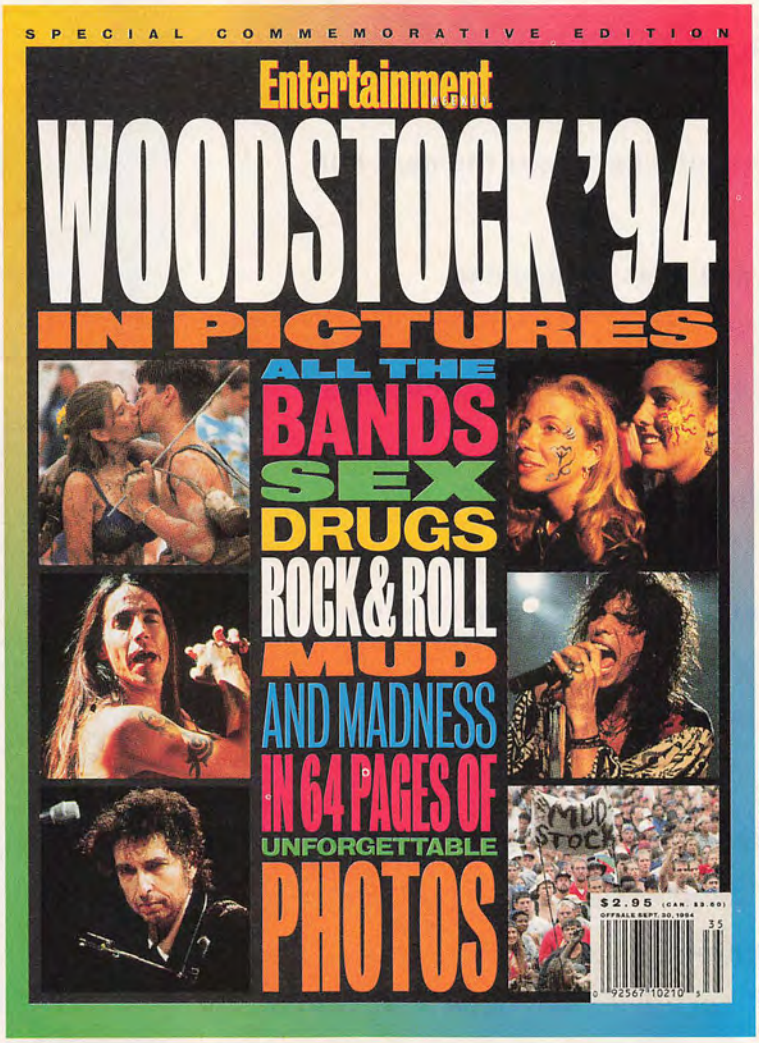

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The road wants to tell you a secret

about what's over the next hill.

The road dances and likes to lead and

occasionally steps on your toes.

The road is crowded by trees who

want a better view and telephone

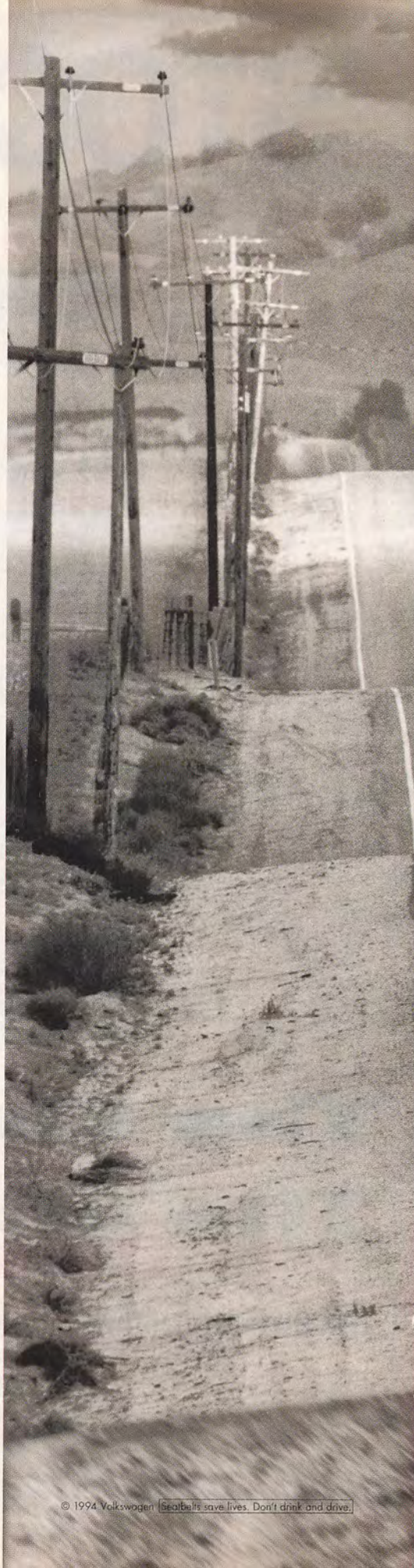
poles that stand at attention.

The road lives for the next curve.

The next straight away.

The next mile.

The next mile.



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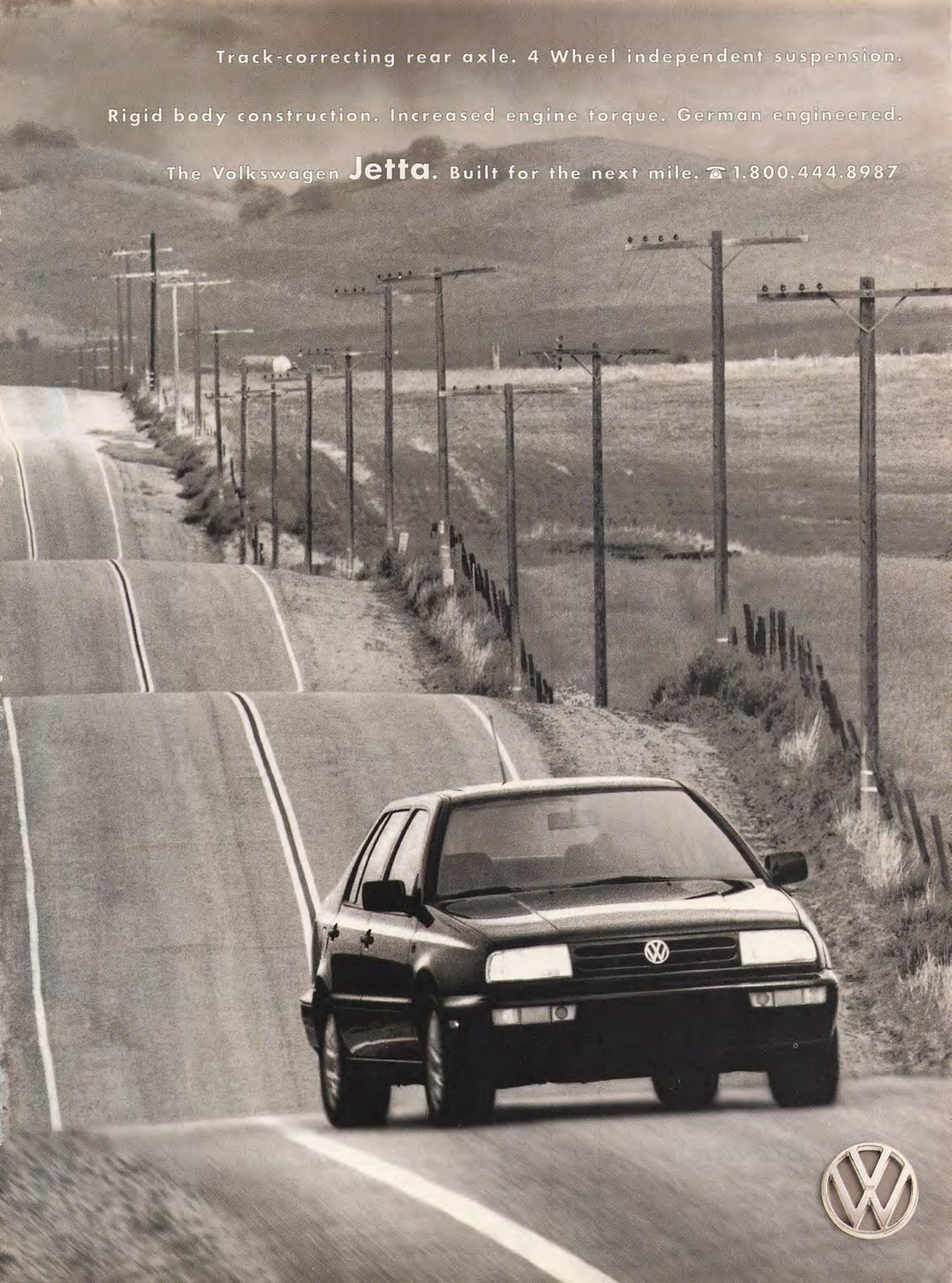
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DAVID DOYLE

DAVID DOYLE

Vivian, 13, and Jessica, 12, competing for the East, won the gold medal in women's doubles table tennis at the Olympic Festival by defeating the North's Karen Chang of Jamaica Estates, N.Y., and Janet Kim of Honolulu, 21–15, 23–21. Their victory broke a 9–9 tie in dual play and clinched a gold medal for the East in team competition. Then, at the U.S. Open, Vivian and Jessica got a bronze medal in the girls' under-18 doubles after losing to a pair from Japan, and at the Junior Olympics they beat Caroline Oppenheimer of Bethesda, Md., and Katherine Wu of Rockville, Md., 3–0 to win the under-14 doubles title.

Jim Ballard

LOS ANGELES

DANIEL HANKIN

Ballard, 36, set a short-course 100-meter backstroke world record of 1:00.27 for men ages 35–39 at Gay Games IV. He was also the lead leg on West Hollywood Aquatics' medley relays, which established a masters' world record in the 200 and an American mark in the 400.

Aric Long

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

CHARLIE BROOKS

Long, 24, won the decathlon at the VISA Cup in San Luis Obispo, Calif., with 7,976 points. The 1991 NCAA decathlon champion and '92 Olympian defeated fellow U.S. team member Ricky Barker of Houston by 105 points and led the Americans to victory over Germany.

Carrie Boudreau

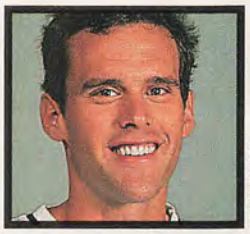
CAPE ELIZABETH, MAINE

JAMES R. SALOMON

Boudreau, 27, won the women's 123-pound division at the U.S. powerlifting championships for the fourth year in a row and the overall title for a second straight year. She broke the U.S. and world records in the deadlift (485 pounds) and total lift (1,124), and squatted 407 and bench-pressed 242.

Jason Gailes

DIGHTON, MASS.



JEAN LAWTON

Gailes, 24, a hotel valet, won the men's 500-meter single sculls and was second in the 1,000 at the Goodwill Games. Earlier, at the nationals, Gailes earned gold medals in single, double and quadruple sculls and will represent the U.S. at the world championships in double sculls.

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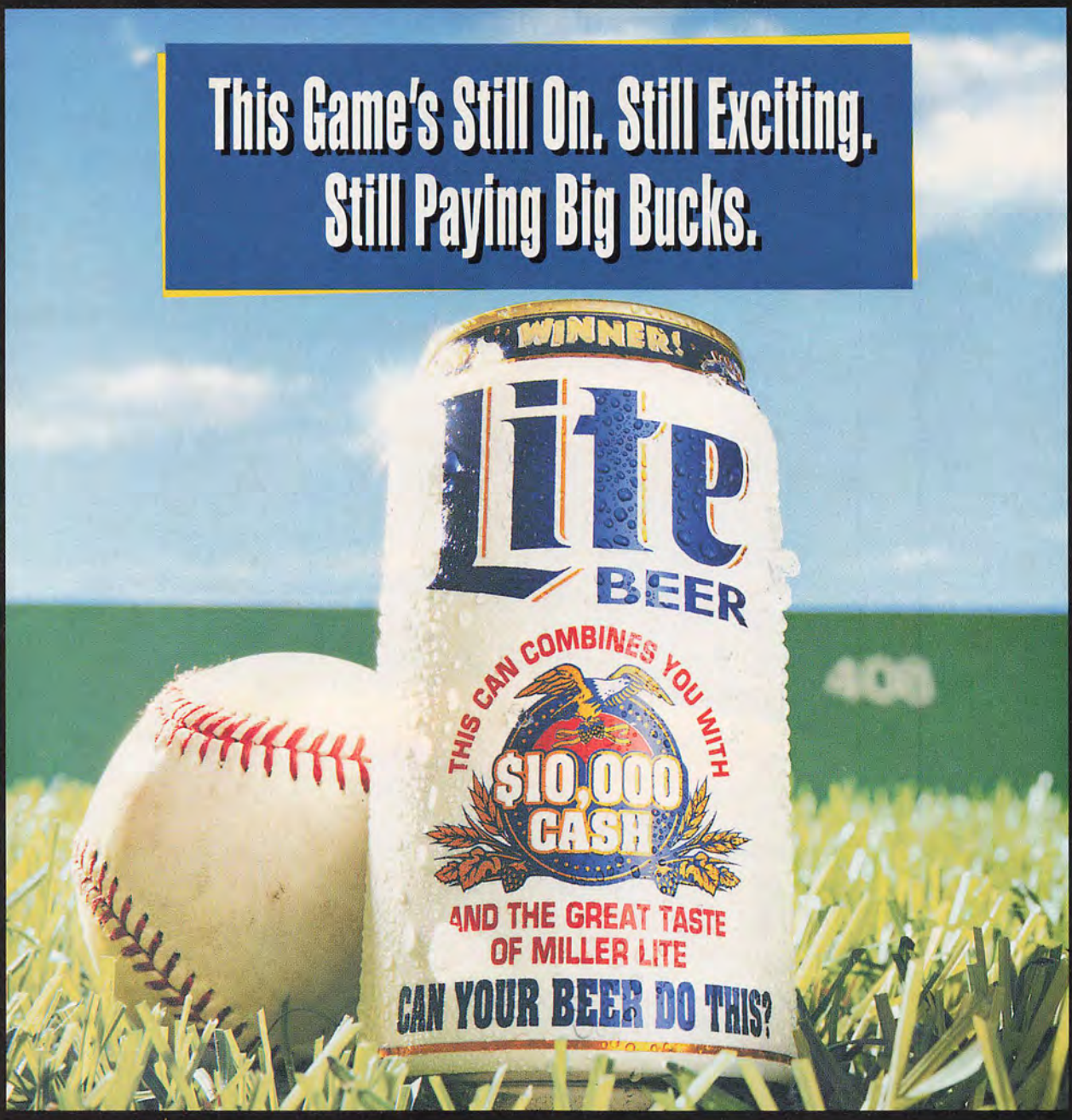

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MXL05810	ZMB75810	WLE58587	EWV06810	HYT43032	MXA83032	LSQ60365	RHT08587	AZB06517	HMH98062	EGF80880	
WGF49476	BJE06426	ZSA09921	BMF92517	MZJ07032	BGD09335	ULM96709	TSN87698	JNA19153	VGT56799	TYN05608	
ZJC66709	WPI05880	WKH24794	ZLJ36971	WTD07698	WHG13608	BEI22143	BHH31254	EEE46365	XEM88062	GGG08143	
MYB08143	MZW60426	ZKK47062	MYN09335	ZGL08153	XHV67880	MZC91254	MXT59244	GGF75365	HHH30810	FFH96476	
XXX05476	ZZZ62709	SSS82032	WWW54587	YYY03698	PPP71810	RRR01921	TTT63143	YHH07698	THH82587	ZZH29709	
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Scorecard

EDITED BY JACK McCALLUM AND RICHARD O'BRIEN

Cornerstone of Sport

THE WORLD of athletics will take little note of the act of sportsmanship by Cornerstone College soccer coach Joe Veal during the first round of last weekend's Cornerstone College Kickoff Classic held on the campus of the 750-student Baptist liberal arts school in Grand Rapids, Mich. We think it should pay more attention.

After falling behind Olivet Nazarene University of Bourbonnais, Ill., 2–0, Veal's Golden Eagles came back to tie the score 2–2 with 21:27 left in the game. But after it was announced that the goal was scored by "number 5, Jeremy Johnson," Olivet coach Larry Cary noticed that neither a Jeremy Johnson nor a number 5 appeared on the Cornerstone roster. He pointed out the omission to Veal during a break in play.

Veal realized immediately that he had neglected to include Johnson's name and number when he drew up his roster the night before, and as the game continued, he found the passage in the NCAA rule book that seemed to cover this sort of situation. He asked the referee to stop play and, during a midfield conference that included Cary, said that Johnson would have to be removed, though Cornerstone would not have to play a man short. The referees and Cary agreed. However, Veal kept reading and discovered in the fine print an additional stipulation that any goals scored by a nonlisted player could not stand. So a few minutes later Veal again stopped play and informed the referee that Cornerstone's tying goal had to be disallowed. The ref agreed, and Cornerstone now trailed 2–1. Eventually the game ended in a poetically just 3–3 tie.

In 1990 Colorado beat Missouri 33–31 in football when it scored a touchdown on a fifth down inadvertently given to the Buffaloes by the officials. Many fans thought that Colorado coach Bill McCartney should have given back the touchdown, but McCartney, perhaps amateur sport's most vocal fundamentalist Christian, would have no part of it. For Joe Veal, the choice would've been simple. "You have to play with integrity," he said after last Saturday's game. "If that's what the rules state, then you have to abide by them."

Masters' Universe

The Masters, perhaps the most important golf tournament in the world, has once again established itself as the most self-important. Last week the pooh-bahs at the Augusta National Golf Club got CBS commentator Gary McCord booted off the Masters, which he'd covered for the last nine years. The lords of Augusta whistled, and the executives at CBS scooped up their bags. And they say the caddie system is dying.

McCord's transgression was treating the Masters as if it were a sporting event, an attitude that doesn't make the cut along the sun-dappled, azalea-adorned links of Augusta. Specifically, McCord got the boot for joking that the greens were so slick that they seemed to have been groomed "with bikini wax" and for describing a piece of bumpy ground as looking "suspiciously like body bags."

Borderline tasteless? Yes. Grounds for dismissal? Hardly. Nonetheless, the CBS caddies tripped over themselves to do the bidding of their masters at the Masters. Economics played a part in the network's compliance, of course. With an evaporating sports schedule, the network could hardly afford to lose a top live event that has been on its schedule since 1956.

Then again, CBS has been bowing and scraping before the Masters for so long that it has become a way of life. In 1966 the network execs established their own parameters for free speech when, at Augusta's behest, they removed commentator Jack Whitaker (whose urbane commentary and sonorous tones would seem to play well at Augusta) because he described a surging gallery as a mob. Sniffed Masters president Clifford Roberts: "We don't have mobs at Augusta."

The McCord affair harks back to Dallas Cowboy owner Jerry Jones's firing of radio announcer Brad Sham two weeks ago. Sham had the temerity to defend his colleague, color commentator Dale Hansen, for daring to ask coach Barry Switzer in public about reports of dissension on the coaching staff. Explained Jones: "We want our broadcasts to be positive." We don't expect the tyrannical Jones to be embarrassed by his actions. But we hope CBS execs are by theirs.

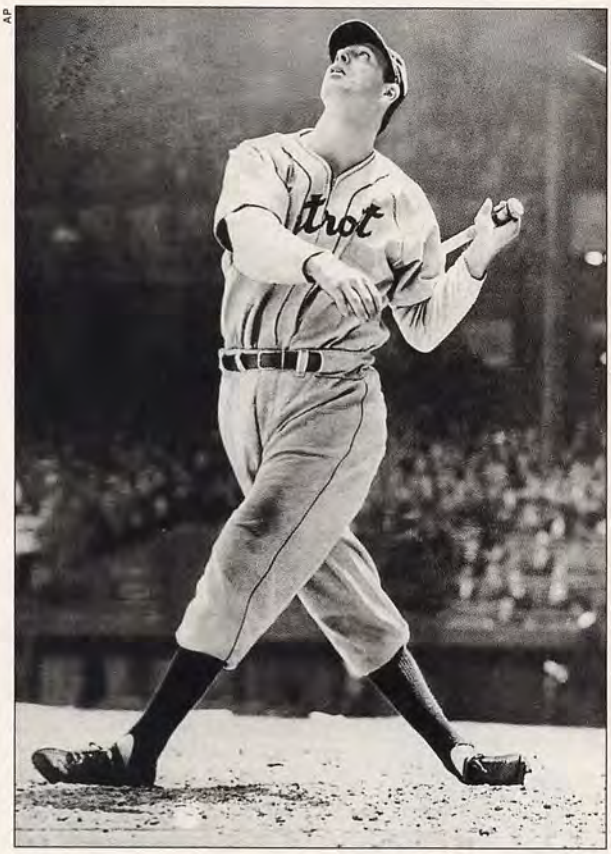
Role Model

With the Jewish holidays nearing and a baseball strike going on, it seems appropriate to remember the legacy of one of the great Jewish athletes of all time, Hank Greenberg,

VICTOR JUHASZ

The irreverent McCord got the hook from staid Masters officials.

who, in the middle of a pennant race 60 years ago, staged his own one-man work stoppage for religious reasons. On Sept. 19, 1934, the day his Detroit Tigers were to meet the New York Yankees in a game that would help decide the American League pennant, Greenberg strolled not to Navin Field (later changed to Tiger Stadium) but to a nearby synagogue for Yom Kippur services.



Hammerin' Hank had his eyes on more than a pennant when he sat out an important game in '34.

"My father didn't bring up the great philosophical rabbis and sages on holidays," says independent filmmaker Aviva Kempner, who grew up in Detroit. "He'd say, 'I remember when Hank Greenberg didn't play on Yom Kippur.' "

Kempner detailed that and other aspects of Greenberg's Hall of Fame baseball career in *The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg*, a documentary for which Kempner hopes to secure a theatrical release by next summer. Through old interviews with Greenberg (who died eight years ago) and his fans, spliced between on-field and off-field footage, Kempner portrays a man who, 13 years before Jackie Robinson broke the color barrier, showed grace and dignity in the face of a prejudiced America. The 6′ 4″, 215-pound Greenberg, who, as he himself put it, "shook his fist at Hitler" every time he hit a home run, represented a sign of hope for American Jews.

He could also play a little. In 1937 he knocked in 183 runs, the third-best single-season RBI mark and a total that no one has approached in more than 50 years. And the following season Greenberg finished just two home runs short of tying Babe Ruth's then record of 60. Though the military careers of players like Ted Williams and Joe DiMaggio got more attention, Greenberg was, in fact, the first major league star to enlist, joining the Army Air Forces at the age of 30.

Greenberg rejoined the Tigers on July 1, 1945, following his official discharge. In Detroit's final game of the season, in St. Louis, he shook his fist at the shadow of the Führer when he belted a ninth-inning grand slam to catapult the Tigers into the World Series, where they won for the first time in 10 years. That's a heck of an ending to any movie.

Meat, the Press

The *Media Relations Playbook*, handed out by the NFL to help its players deal with reporters, is a curious eight-page document that sounds like a cross between a how-to-succeed-in-business pamphlet and an etiquette primer for Forrest Gump. "Many NFL players and athletes in other sports have used the media to develop a positive image in the community," reads one section. "This often leads to important long-term business and career opportunities."

Perhaps some players take that practical advice to heart, but we've got to believe that most of them snickered when they read that they should "Stand up straight . . . shoulders back, head up. . . . Smile." If you are sitting down for an interview, the player is advised to "sit up straight and lean forward" because "it conveys interest and enthusiasm." And if you are wearing a sport coat, "leave it unbuttoned for a relaxed appearance."

If you do all these things and remember to smile, "it makes people feel good. It makes them like you. They might not remember your answer, but they will remember you as a pleasant person, someone with whom they might want to do business."

The playbook endorses the ol' end around. When faced with a tough question, the player should either not answer the question at all or not answer it as asked. The playbook elaborates: "You must bridge the gap to the positive message you want to get across. Put the question on your own turf."

Also, in today's world the playbook still feels compelled to advise players that women reporters are in the locker room "in a legitimate professional capacity" and their presence is not to be construed as "a sexual experience." After all, players who harass women reporters are probably hurting their future business chances.

Loss Leaders Win

While sluggers Ken Griffey Jr., Frank Thomas and Matt Williams may be sorry to see the baseball strike end their chances of getting into the record books, two pitchers should be happy to have their runs at ignominy cut short. When the strike began on Aug. 12, Tim Belcher of the Detroit Tigers and Andy Benes of the San Diego Padres were, respectively, five and six games shy of the 20-loss mark, a milestone that hasn't been reached since Brian Kingman (8–20) did it for the Oakland A's in 1980.

This Week's Sign That the Apocalypse Is Upon Us

SIR EDMUND HILLARY has lent his name to a line of upscale outdoor wear from Canterbury of New Zealand designed to hold up, as the promotional material trumpets, "whether you're assaulting Mount Everest or out for a weekend trek."

They Said It

Sandy Lyle

Pro golfer, when asked what he thought of Tiger Woods: "I don't know. I've never played there."

The year of the EARTHQUAKE, the *fire*, the *mudslide*. And the **Sidekick.**

It wasn't an easy year to be in Los Angeles. But it was a good one to be inside a Suzuki 4-door Sidekick, as the rangers of the Santa Monica Mountains Conservancy found out. When firestorms swept the canyons, the rangers fought the blaze, darting over the smoldering slopes from one outbreak to another, in their 4-wheel-drive Sidekicks. Within hours of the earthquake, Ranger Kenn Hughes was driving otherwise impassable roads, clearing rubble, in his Sidekick. As rains turned the hillsides to muck, the Sidekicks stayed unfazed and unstuck. They're rugged and dependable, with the power to get over, around or through almost anything. Says Hughes, "I don't know where we'd be without them." In fact, he was impressed enough to buy one for his family. "After a year like this, we could use some time off. Off road, that is."

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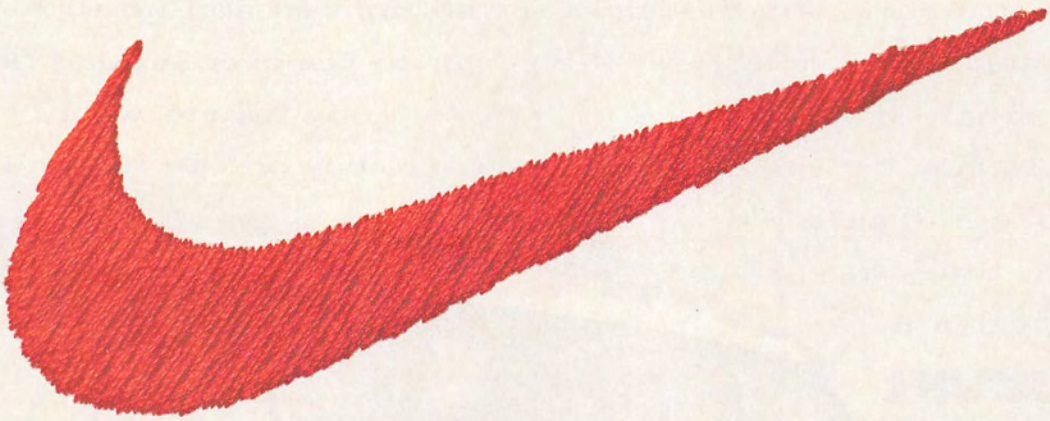

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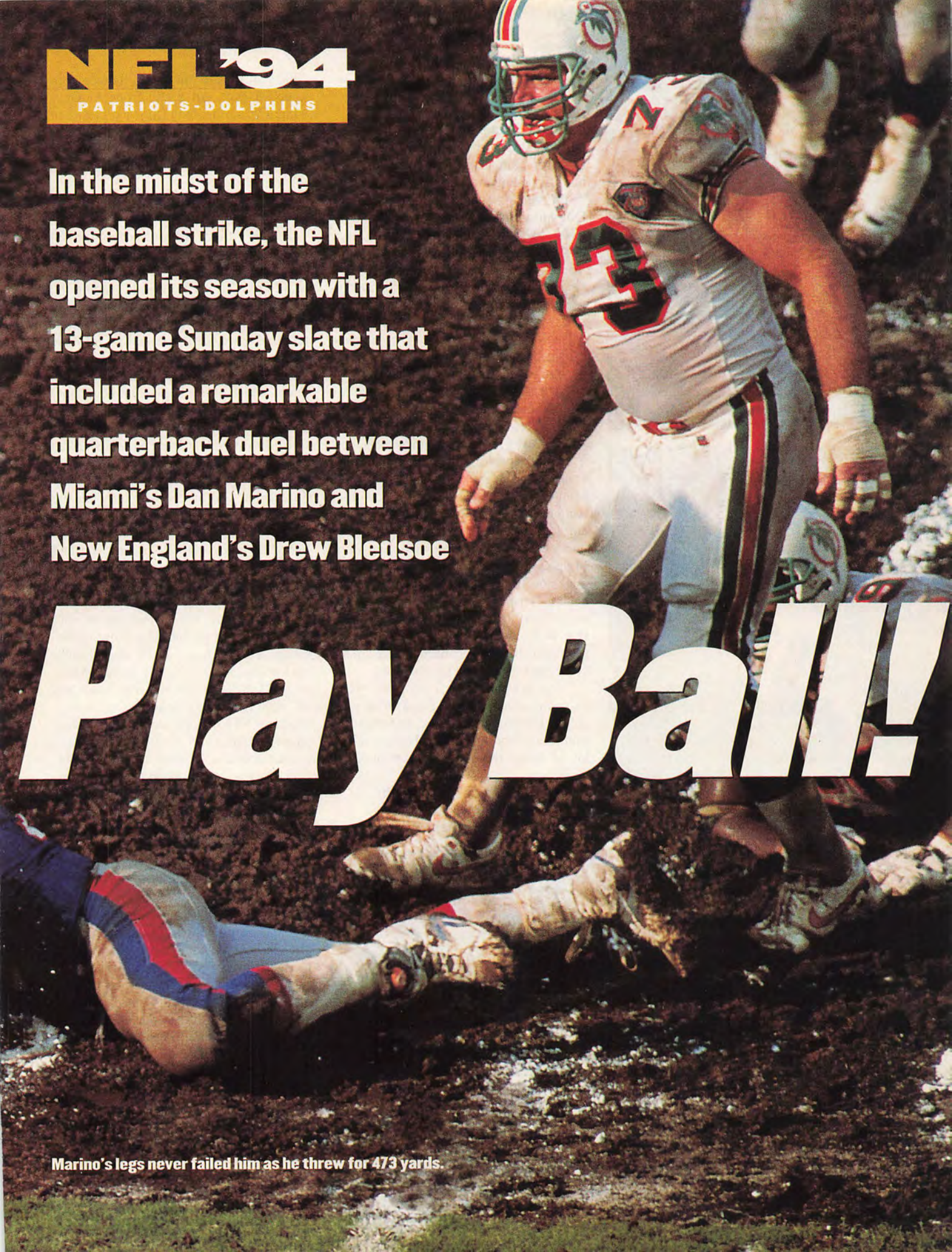
Sports Illustrated
13
GEORGE TIEDEMANN

NFL '94

PATRIOTS-DOLPHINS

In the midst of the baseball strike, the NFL opened its season with a 13-game Sunday slate that included a remarkable quarterback duel between Miami's Dan Marino and New England's Drew Bledsoe

Play Ball!



Marino's legs never failed him as he threw for 473 yards.

by Rick Telander

THERE IS a point in the movie *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective* when things look pretty grim for Dan Marino. The Super Bowl has just begun and Marino is supposed to be the starting quarterback for the Miami Dolphins, but—darn it!—he's all tied up. He's roped to a tackling dummy, held hostage by evil policewoman Sean Young, who is actually a former male kicker for the Dolphins, who is being pursued by pet detective Jim Carrey, who lives by the credo "I don't do humans" and who is . . . aw, forget it. A stupid movie? No dumber than, say, counting Marino out of real-life NFL stardom simply because he tore his right Achilles tendon last October, had surgery and has appeared slow, unfit, tentative, immobile, pained, awkward and grumpy ever since.

Marino's performance in the Dolphins' final preseason game this year, against the Minnesota Vikings, was so dismal—four completions in 12 attempts for 37 yards and two interceptions, one of which was returned for a touchdown—that some Miami sportswriters suggested that it might be time to bench him in favor of backup Bernie Kosar. At practice last Saturday before the season opener, against the New England Patriots, Marino grumped that he couldn't take much more interrogation or speculation.

"You get sick of it," he said. "How many times can you get asked about your ankle? It's been almost a year of the same thing—everybody asking, 'How is it?' A lot of times the fans don't even know what's hurt, and they ask, 'How's your knee?' I even got a call from Al Gore while I was rehabbing [the vice president blew out his Achilles in a recent pickup basketball game]. I haven't talked to him yet. I will, I guess. But what am I going to tell him?"

Well, how about this: Drop back and throw bullets, Al.

Because that's what Marino did 24 hours later against the Patriots at Joe Robbie Stadium. Bad foot? Marino moved like Tinker Bell while leading the Dolphins to a 39–35 shoot-out win. He even scrambled 10 yards for a first-quarter first down, diving headlong into the rain-soaked slop that once had been base path dirt for the Florida Marlins baseball team, which doesn't play baseball anymore. But that's another story. Tentative arm? Marino threw for 306 yards and four touchdowns *in the second half*. He looked so good on his bad legs (his left knee is an arthritic mess from five surgical procedures) that you had to wonder what the surgeons implanted last fall when they sutured the rip of his Achilles tendon, which hadn't so much snapped in half as it had unraveled in a fibrous explosion from the base of his calf muscle to the top of his heel bone.

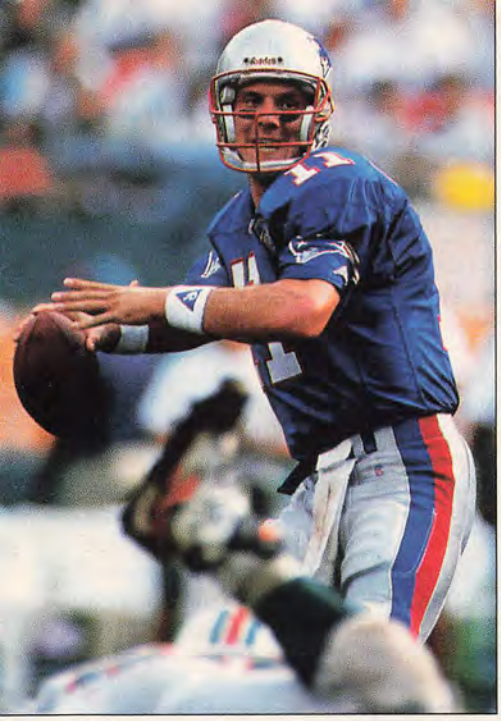
For the game, the 33-year-old Marino was 23 of 42 for 473 yards and five touchdowns. The yardage was the second-highest total in Dolphin history, behind Marino's 521 yards against the New York Jets in 1988. The day's touchdowns helped break an NFL record, which Marino had shared with John Unitas, for career games with four or more TD passes. Marino now has done it 18 times. The fourth-quarter comeback win—the Dolphins were down 35–32 with 3½ minutes to go—was the 26th of Marino's career.

"That's Dan Marino," said Dolphin wide receiver Irving Fryar with a shrug afterward, using minimalist pith to good effect. Fryar had just caught five Marino passes for 211 yards and three scores, including the game-winner on a testosterone-charged, height-of-arrogance, perfectly thrown 35-yard strike up the right sideline on fourth-and-five when a drop-off pass probably would have sufficed, and he sensed intuitively that the best way to praise a guy like Marino after a transcendent performance was simply to call the man himself.

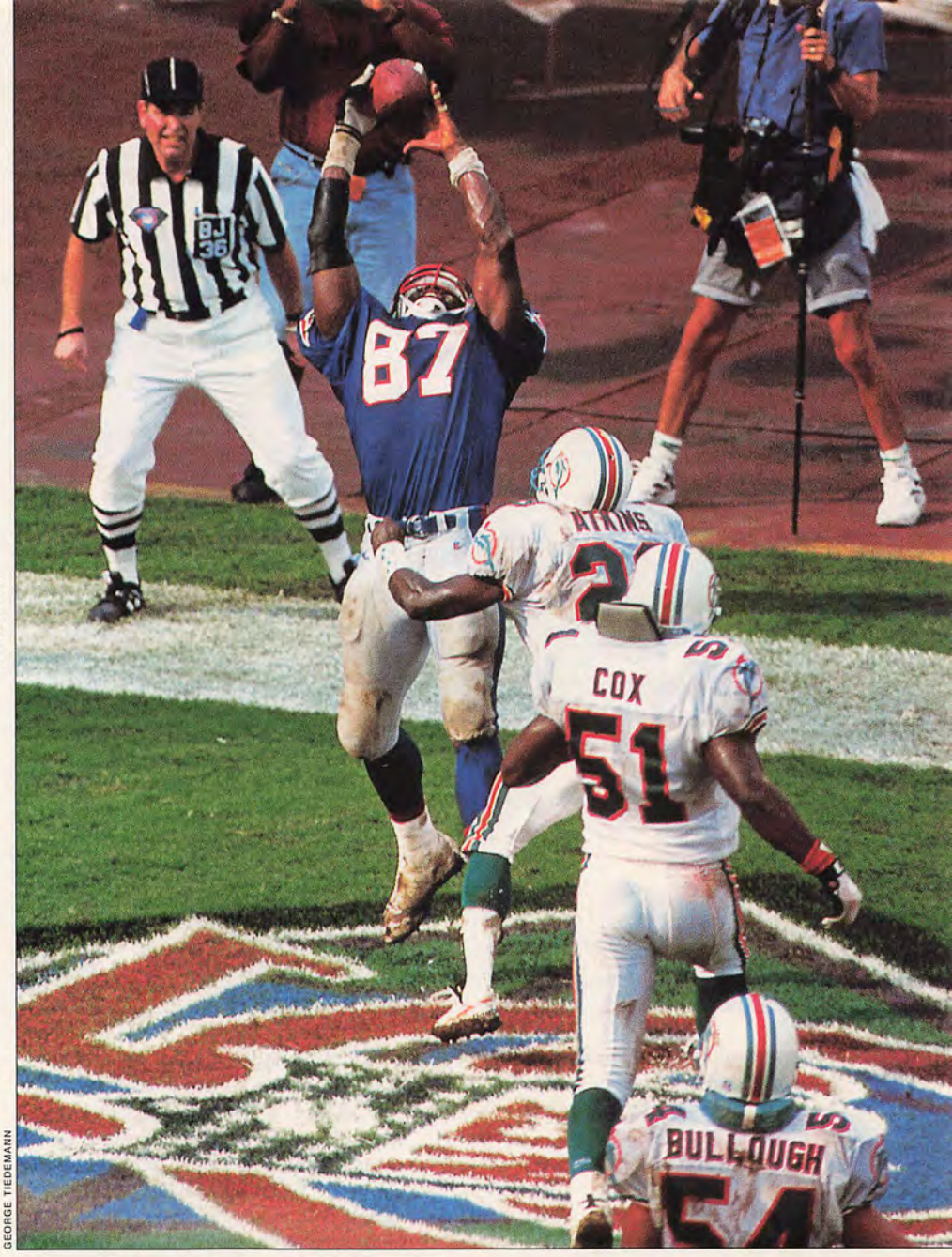
That was what everyone had been wondering all these months as they watched Marino swell grandly—he hit 250 pounds while hobbled with his cast—and then work his way into fighting trim (224 well-

Fryar hauled in a 35-yard fourth-down strike from Marino for the score that won the seesaw battle.

WALTER IOOSS JR. (3)



ROBERT ROGERS



GEORGE TIEDEMANN

Bledsoe homed in on Coates for eight of his 32 completions and two of his four touchdown passes.

muscled pounds) for his comeback: Was he himself?

Doing *Ace Ventura* had been easy, Marino said: "I just played myself." The irony was that the man who had thrown for 40,000 yards faster than anyone in NFL history could play himself easier on celluloid than in real life. "We're looking hard to see if he's lost any foot quickness," said Dolphin coach Don Shula somewhat ominously before the opener. Shula and Marino have been together longer than Arm & Hammer, but pro football is a cold business. Dan Marino, the gimp, is somebody else, somebody of no use to the franchise except as history.

The identity crisis was eating at Marino's soul, making him snappy with reporters, desperate to get the season under way, to play a game, to see for himself what he had lost or regained. "What I have to do is just play," he said, sweating through another scorching pregame practice. "I need to just play quarterback."

In previous years Marino had spoken of the "little moves" that keep him in business, the barely noticed half steps and shuffles and hops he takes during the heat of battle to evade blitzers, sackers and career-ending joint and bone trauma. He didn't know if he had those moves anymore. "That's the thing that's missing," he said before the game. "The movement in the pocket. The little stuff this way and that way."

He looked off across the practice field at Nova University, over to the Baudhuin Oral School on the campus of the college, where his six-year-old autistic son, Michael, is a student. He sighed. He didn't want to talk about this anymore. What good would it do? Marino is not an analytical guy; he is a man of action, someone who just *does*. He's like Shula in that regard. Why think about abstractions when there are so many concretes out there? Shula also was in *Ace Ventura* and did a bang-up job playing himself, nearly getting pulled into a mailbox by the insane Carrey, who is hiding in there when Shula mails a letter. Carrey reaches up to grab Shula's hand because . . . oh, never mind.

Shula chuckles when told that his display of emotion in the movie was quite believable. "Hell, when a guy grabs your arm in a mailbox, it's pretty easy," he replies. But he has never seen the finished film, isn't even sure what the thing is about. "A dog gets kidnapped or something, right?" he asks. Well, a dolphin does. And a quarterback. Whatever. The point is, you can make all the movies you want, but football, that's another universe.

Miami's new owner, Wayne Huizenga, who deals in both spheres, being the chairman and chief executive of Blockbuster Entertainment as well as proprietor of the Marlins and the Florida Panthers hockey team, knows the importance of Marino being Marino. "Dan *is* the Dolphins," Huizenga said shortly after posing for his first picture with the team last Sat-

BILL FRAKES

Ingram got the full meaning of 'Here's mud in your eye' and later earned a toast with a TD catch.

urday. "His wife, Claire, is great too. They *are* South Florida."

That's something to live up to, wouldn't you say? And so when Marino came onto the rain-drenched field on Sunday he stepped into the lead role in his own film. Would it be *Ace Marino: Foot Defective* or *Giant*?

The Patriots, led by 22-year-old quarterback Drew Bledsoe, who already plays like someone destined for all the highlight reels, went ahead 7–0 on a one-yard scoring run by fullback Kevin Turner. Marino came back with a 64-yard touchdown pass to wideout Mark Ingram to make it 7–7. The first half ended with the Patriots leading 14–10. Then the serious stuff began. Marino and Bledsoe threw for a combined 894 yards and nine touchdowns, with 574 yards and seven of the TDs coming in the second half. Bledsoe was cool and collected; Marino was just a block of ice on fire.

When he hobbled onto the field at the start of each offensive series, Marino looked like a boy weighted down with snow pants and galoshes. His left leg was oversized with a Lenox Hill derotation knee brace, and his right leg was burdened with a smaller knee brace and a cumbersome hinged brace to protect his ankle, which had also been operated on to have bone spurs removed from the front. "I put my head down when he walks," says Dolphin trainer Ryan Vermillion. "It's horrible. When he plays he looks a lot better."

Unbelievably better. Marino answered Bledsoe's third-quarter 62-yard touchdown pass to tight end Ben Coates with a 26-yard scoring toss to Miami tight end Keith Jackson on the next series. Bledsoe threw a five-yard touchdown strike to wideout Michael Timpson; Marino replied with a 54-yarder to Fryar. Marino tossed a 50-yard touchdown to Fryar on a flea-flicker play that the Dolphins had practiced all week and never completed, because Marino had always missed Fryar. But there was no missing today. Marino was locked on like a radar-controlled missile launcher. "He was relaxed, throwing darts," said Miami running back Keith Byars afterward.

Bledsoe—it's odd to think that there are many college quarterbacks older than he—hurled a 23-yard touchdown pass to diving wideout Ray Crittendon, to make the score 35–32 in New England's favor with a bit more than 10 minutes left in the game. But Marino was not done. After an exchange of possession, he took the Dolphins from their own 20 to the Patriot 35, where, on fourth-and-five, he saw single coverage on Fryar and simply backed up and laid out a perfect arc down the right sideline that Fryar gently pulled in for the final score of the game and a victory that Shula later admitted would have been "devastating" not to have achieved.

Marino was so "on" that during a timeout in the third quarter he told Shula that an option pass to Jackson would certainly work. He guaranteed it. "It was like Babe Ruth calling his shot," says Byars. On the next play Marino threw a 26-yard touchdown missile to Jackson in the end zone. Marino's skinny right calf—it is atrophied and a half inch or so smaller in diameter than his left calf—carried him as though it had never suffered the slightest injury.

After the game Marino spoke briefly to the press, still defiant over the earlier suggestions that he might not be the quarterback he once was, and then he went to the training room for ice treatment on his various damaged body parts. Lots of ice. He came out, finally, when everybody had gone. The floor of the locker room was covered with mud, white tape, orange prewrap and crushed Gatorade cups. It looked as though a grenade had gone off in a box of wrapping paper.

Marino groaned as he sat down. "Oh, man," he said. "Oh." He pulled on his jeans, his socks, his soft hightop gym shoes. How did he do what he had done against the Patriots? How was it possible?

"You know what you have to do," he replied. "You just put the pain and everything out of your mind."

He sighed again. He shook his head. "My legs are killing me. I've got to get home and put more ice on them."

Did he hurt from taking a beating, from the residue of surgery, from reinjuring something?

"No," he said with a weak smile. "I'm sore just because it's been so damn long since I did that."

Had been himself, is what he meant. ■

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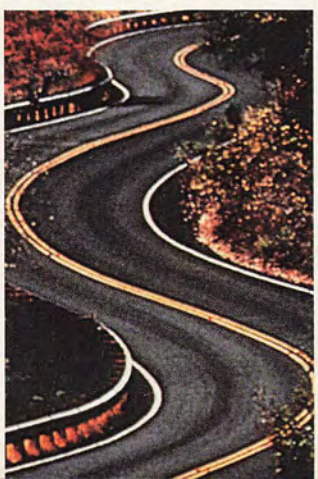

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Alvin Harper's only catch of the game was a gem, a 37-yard grab over two frustrated Steelers.

NFL '94

COWBOYS-STEELERS

Still Flying

The coach may be new, but the storyline remains the same—a big victory for Big D • by Paul Zimmerman

DAMIAN STROHMEYER

SO TELL us, Barry, how do you like your boys? How do you like being dealt a full house your very first time back at the poker table?

Yeah, we know that season openers back at Oklahoma meant 72-zip over teams like North Texas, but these were the Pittsburgh Steelers, man, at Three Rivers. Very nasty place to play, very tough defensive team when aroused. Remember what they did to the New Orleans Saints in that place last year (37–14) or the way they took the Buffalo Bills apart (23–0)? Show them any weakness, and they're on you like the hounds of hell.

And so, Coach Switzer, your Dallas Cowboys are off and running with a 26–9 victory. Sure, you've been looking at this talent since the minicamps, but did you honestly believe you would see such a collection of gamers under one roof? Did you like that 28-yard fade that Troy Aikman threw to Michael Irvin on third-and-two late in the third quarter, with Rod Woodson locked into as tight a coverage as you can get? Did you like the way your 238-pound fullback, Daryl Johnston, did a full layout on that diving catch for the first touchdown, just before the half?

Or how about Emmitt Smith gaining 171 yards on the ground and popping that 46-yarder in the first half to help break the game open? Or tight end Jay Novacek worming his way through the forest for half a dozen catches? Or that pair of 300-pound guards, Derek Kennard and Nate Newton, pulling for those long traps? Or Charles Haley making four sacks—some people didn't think he would make it out of the trainer's room this season—or 33-year-old Jim Jeffcoat coming up with three or your defense ringing up nine?

"Let's put it this way," Switzer said in his first regular-season NFL postgame press conference. "I was enjoying the moment. Just like that guy who ran out of the stands; he was enjoying the moment. Until they got him."

"Jimmy Johnson might have chewed us out for some things today," Aikman said of Switzer's predecessor. "Some of the blitz pickup in the first half, a breakdown here or there. That was his way. It kept you from getting complacent. Barry's more laid-back."

Laid-back, maybe, but nobody's fool. When Switzer arrived at Oklahoma, he inherited a team with Joe Washington and the Selmon brothers. His Sooners didn't suffer a loss until his 31st game. Switzer doesn't screw things up.

For Bill Cowher's Steelers, their strategy for taking on the two-time defending Super Bowl champions wasn't hard to figure out. Pittsburgh would try to pound the lighter Cowboy defenders with running back Barry Foster and the big guys up front, fortified by the return from a holdout of 280-pound tight end Eric Green. On defense the Steelers would have to put pressure on Aikman to break up the timed patterns off his quick drop. They would do it by blitzing people up the middle—smaller, quicker guys like Woodson from his cornerback spot or strong safety Carnell Lake. Smith, of course, would have to be dealt with, but quickness at filling the lanes could help.

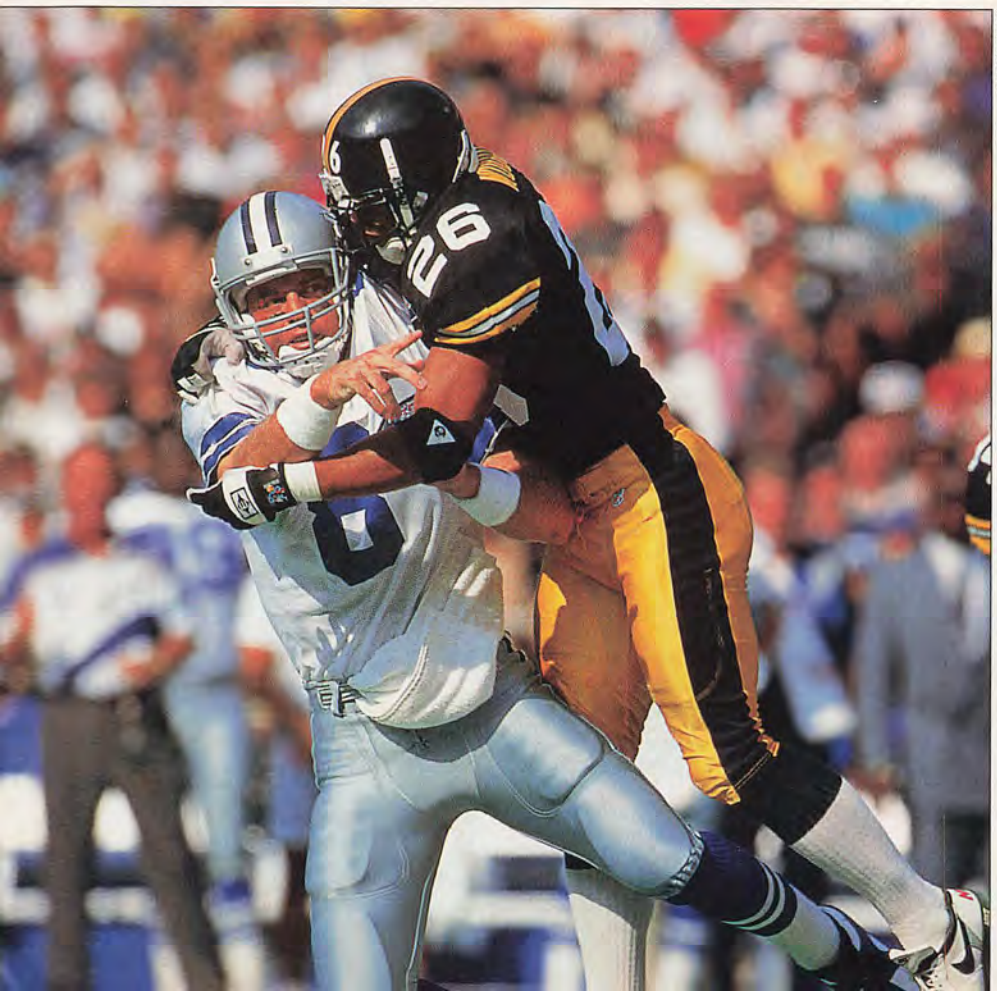
And these Steelers have a history of high emotion on defense, when they're in the right mood. "You could sense it during the week that we were up for this one," said right outside linebacker Greg Lloyd after the game. "You could tell by the clacking of the pads."

Things looked good for the Steelers for a while. They took the opening kickoff and drove to a first down on the Cowboy 38. Then the sack parade began. Neil O'Donnell suffered three in a row, the first when Haley disrupted an attempted flea-flicker, the next when Haley got O'Donnell again, the third when Haley flushed O'Donnell and Jeffcoat forced him out-of-bounds.

"I knew Charles was going to have a day like this," Newton said. "He's coming off that bad back he had last season, but it gets to his mind when people start saying they don't know how much longer he can go on. You can't keep him down."

"Usually your rush is real structured," Dallas defensive coordinator Butch Davis said. "But we turned three linemen loose to chase O'Donnell and had the fourth stay at home, window wiping. We went to that when they started throwing early,

DAMIAN STROHMEYER


JOHN BIEVER

Cowher (right) had less to smile about than Switzer after Aikman started beating Woodson's blitzes.

JOHN BIEVER

which kind of shocked me. I'd prepared our guys for an all-out assault running the ball, you know, bloody our nose."

On defense the Steelers were hanging in, foiling Dallas on third down with their blitzes, occasionally getting burned by Novacek underneath, but holding the Cowboys to field goals on their first two drives. Then, on Dallas's third possession, Smith went to work.

When the Cowboys feel an opponent's defense is a bit soft, they run the ball right away. When they respect the opposition, they usually start out by throwing timed passes, to take that little bit of zip out of the rushers' legs. Then they come back and pound them with Smith. Against the Steelers, Smith didn't get his big pop, his 46-yarder, until seven minutes were left in the first half. The run led to Johnston's diving touchdown catch. "You can't put a price on a fullback who can make a play like that," Aikman said.

A quick three-and-out series for the Steelers gave Dallas one more shot before the half, and it produced three more points. Four possessions, four scores. The Steeler defense was wearing down. The offense, with O'Donnell running for his life and either misfiring on the go or taking the sack, was in the minus column in passing yardage. Pittsburgh's new receivers, heralded rookie Charles Johnson and second-year man Andre Hastings, weren't experienced enough to come back to the quarterback and bail him out.

By the end of the third period O'Donnell had been sacked seven times, and his passing yardage was minus one. The Steelers' total yardage was 48. The fourth quarter produced Pittsburgh's only touchdown of the day, which narrowed the score to 19–9. It was time for the two-point conversion.

At the line of scrimmage the Steelers presented Dallas with an exotic formation—a thing that used to be called the middle huddle—which caused the Cowboys to burn a timeout while they organized strategy. Pittsburgh sent five players to one side of the field, four of them wearing 80-something on their backs, and six to the other, all wearing linemen's numbers. Try to figure out who the eligible receivers are.

"Yeah, it was wild," Cowboy cornerback Kevin Smith said. "I just ran over from my spot and latched on to a guy I thought might be a receiver." After O'Donnell's pass fell incomplete, Dallas drove for the touchdown that put the game away.

Smith made it clear he takes the term "touchdown" literally on this fourth-quarter, two-yard run.

So what do the 1994 Cowboys look like, compared with last year's champions?

"I think [new coordinator] Ernie Zampese might be a little bolder with our offense," said Aikman, whose 21-for-32, 245-yard day was typical.

"More trapping," Newton said. "We have guards who can run."

And what of the Steelers, who some people thought might make it to the Super Bowl this season?

"We stunk out the joint," said Woodson, who gave up four catches for 56 yards in man coverage on Irvin, not bad considering that Irvin's total was eight for 139. "We played the receivers' inside shoulder, trying to force Aikman to make the more difficult throw outside. He made some great throws."

Sound familiar? And it's only the beginning. ■

Buddyball Bust

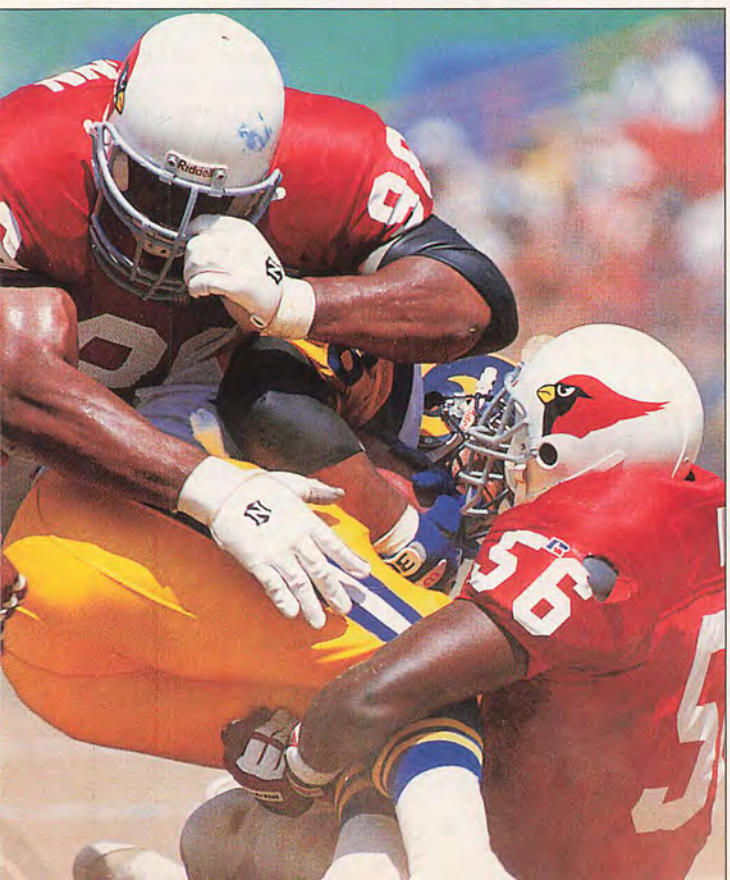
In Buddy Ryan's first game as the coach of Arizona, his attack came up flat in a 14–12 loss to a poor Los Angeles team • by Peter King

CHRIS COVATTA (2)

THIS WAS last Saturday afternoon, the day before new coach/franchise czar Buddy Ryan officially began the task of raising Arizona, and the Cardinals already had their game faces on. They filed off their charter flight at Southern California's John Wayne Orange County Airport dressed to the nines—linebacker Seth Joyner in a white linen suit, safety Lorenzo Lynch in a Cardinal red suit, the portly Ryan in a lime-green blazer—and with a look in their eyes that said they were ready to play the Los Angeles Rams right then and there, not in 21 hours.

"Hey," said the airline employee greeting the flight, "you guys dress a lot better than most teams."

Ryan shot the guy a no-nonsense look. "Well, we play a lot better than most teams, too," he said.

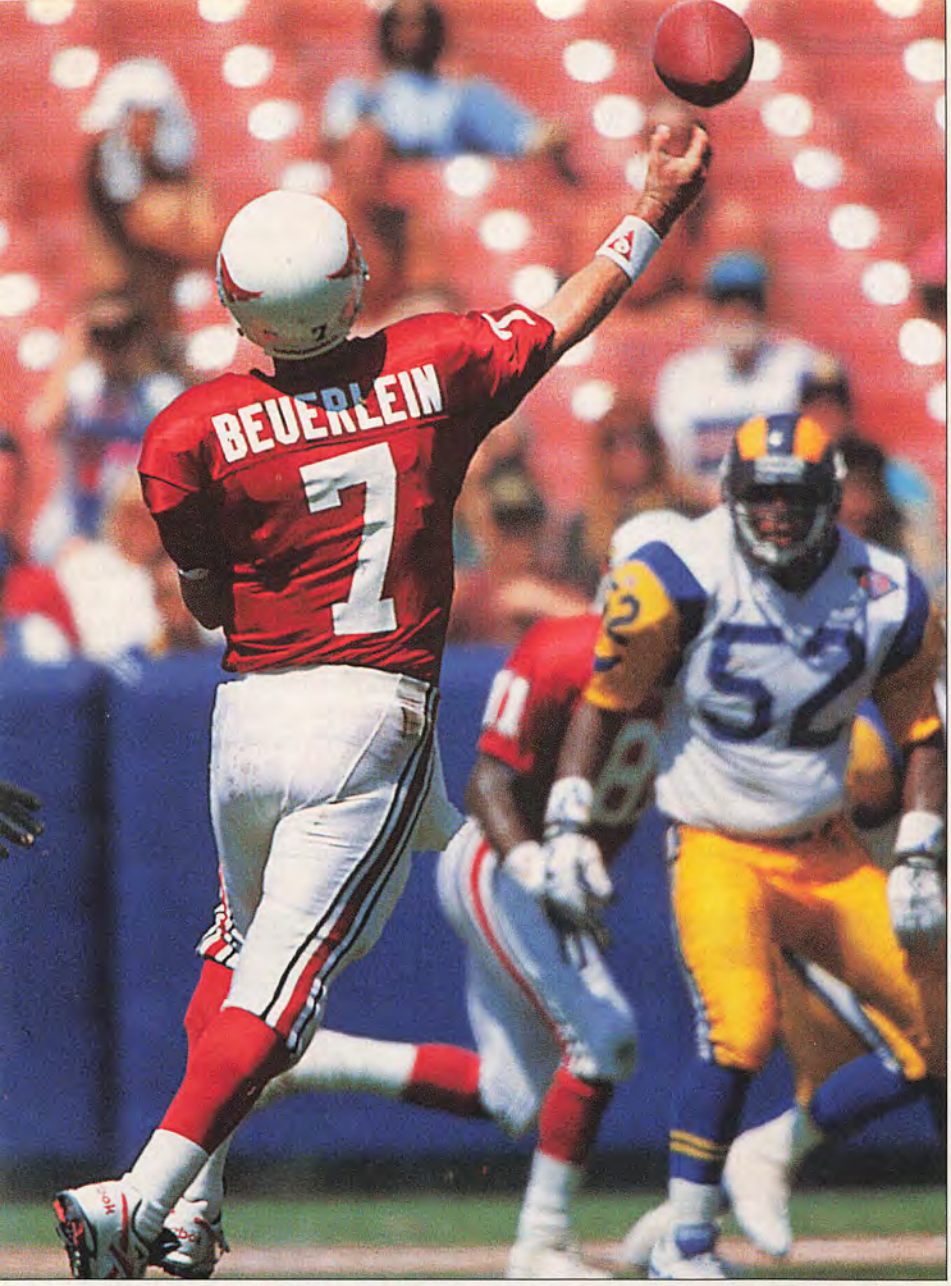


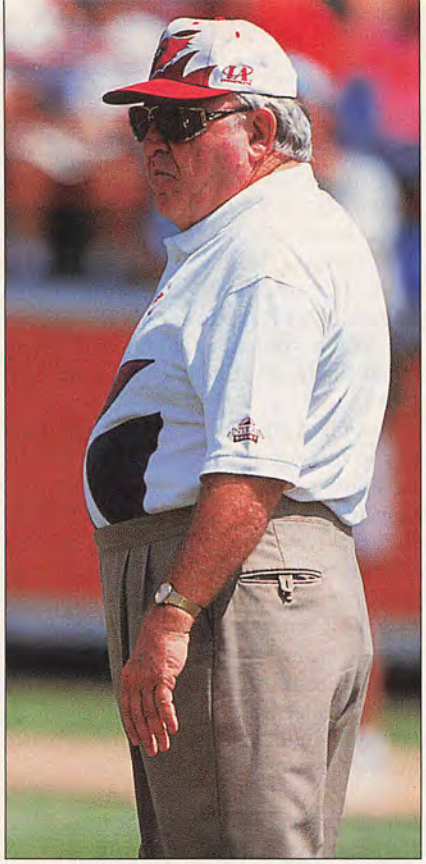
PETER READ MILLER

In stuffing Bettis, Arizona's defense proved its mettle.

Maybe, maybe not. One training camp, a ton of press clippings and four quarters into the 1994 season, the Cardinals shaped up this way: ferocious defense, feeble offense. In Sunday's 14–12 season-opening loss to the Rams, the Cards, counted on by Arizonans to win the franchise's first playoff game in 47 years, showed that they can dominate opponents with Ryan's 46 defense; Los Angeles didn't get its first first down until a minute before halftime, and 1993 Rookie of the Year Jerome Bettis gained just 52 yards on 21 carries during the entire game. But Arizona won't be able to back up Buddy's bravado unless quarterback Steve Beuerlein adds a few miles per hour to his fastball (his throws seemed to hang in the air too long against the Rams, and two were picked off), unless the run blocking improves (the Cardinals averaged just 3.2 yards a carry) and unless wide receiver Ricky Proehl gets some glue for his fingertips (he dropped a perfectly thrown, potentially game-winning touchdown pass midway through the fourth quarter). Worse, all this occurred against an L.A. team that went 0–4 in the preseason.

The game was a dreary affair in which the two clubs combined for only 382 net yards; five other teams surpassed that mark on their own on Sunday. Middle





As Ryan can attest, Beuerlein throws a better party than he does forward passes.

linebacker Eric Hill expressed what every defensive player in the Cardinal locker room must have felt afterward. "We stopped 'em three-and-out 80 percent of the time," Hill said, "but look at Buddy's history. His defense has to score. His defense always scores. This defense has to win games for us."

This defense will win a few games for Arizona—outside linebackers Joyner and Wilber Marshall and defensive end Clyde Simmons were flying around the ball on Sunday—but a few won't be enough. Ryan had whipped Phoenix into such a frenzy over this team that folks forgot one thing: These are the Cardinals we're talking about, a club that has averaged fewer than six wins a season over the last decade and hasn't made the playoffs since 1982.

But it's pretty easy to get swept up by Ryan's hope, because he's so dang sure of himself, so unafraid of failure that you're certain he'll succeed, so charismatic that you almost hope he'll win, just so he'll be able to stay around and keep things lively. To wit, Ryan's actions in recent days included the following:

- Calling the agent for departed Card linebacker Ken Harvey "an ass" for not giving Arizona a chance to match the contract the Washington Redskins offered Harvey, who was a free agent.
- Praising himself for his reconstruction of the late-1980s Philadelphia Eagles, saying, "Who in the hell built a great team from scratch quicker than I did in Philadelphia?" The Eagles never won a playoff game under Ryan.
- Calling Kevin Gilbride, the fellow Houston Oiler assistant he punched on national TV last January, "a dumb, stupid high school coach."
- Belittling Ram assistant Joe Vitt, who lit into Ryan for criticizing the Rams last season, by saying, "Isn't he the guy who carries [Los Angeles coach] Chuck Knox's briefcase? I think he asked me for my autograph once."
- Calling Arizona's botched two-point conversion attempt in the third quarter Sunday—which would have tied the game—"an abortion" and saying it was "ridiculous" that his defense, which held L.A. to a measly 152 net yards, couldn't force more than two turnovers.

While Ryan carped, the Rams were full of glee after the Buddywhipping. In one corner of the Los Angeles locker room, the defensive backs were giddily yapping about how they shut Ryan up. And Vitt said, "If we played Buddy 16 times a year, we'd be undefeated. I wish he would have played today. It would have been like playing against 10."

Ryan may be 0–1, but for him Phoenix is still football heaven. In February he took over a team that already had .500 talent, and in this era of free agency he could tap into a bunch of Pro Bowl veterans from other clubs who were dying to play for him. He has an owner, Bill Bidwill,

who smiles benignly and approves every money and personnel move Ryan suggests. Ryan runs the draft. He hires and fires players. "Buddy's got the ultimate authority, which every coach would love to have," says Redskin assistant Jim Hanifan, who never had such pull while going 39-49-1 as the Cardinals' coach from 1980 to '85.

Exhibit A of Ryan's sovereignty: One of the free-agent Cards that Ryan knew he wanted to keep was roughneck running back/special-teamer Larry Centers. But the New England Patriots offered Centers significantly more money than Arizona had, and one Monday morning in March, Centers's agent, Jordan Woy, called Cardinal assistant general manager Bob Ackles to tell him that Patriot vice president Patrick Forte was flying to Dallas at that moment to sign Centers. Ackles hustled down to Ryan's office. "Sign him," Ryan said. Ackles called Woy and increased the Arizona bid to an amount slightly above New England's. When Forte landed in Dallas, Woy told him Centers was going back to Phoenix, not to Foxboro. "A year ago the organization would have said, 'Well, let's think about it,' " Ackles says. "And we would have lost the player." Ironically, it was Centers's fumble in the first quarter Sunday that landed in the hands of Ram cornerback Todd Lyght, who returned it 74 yards for a touchdown.

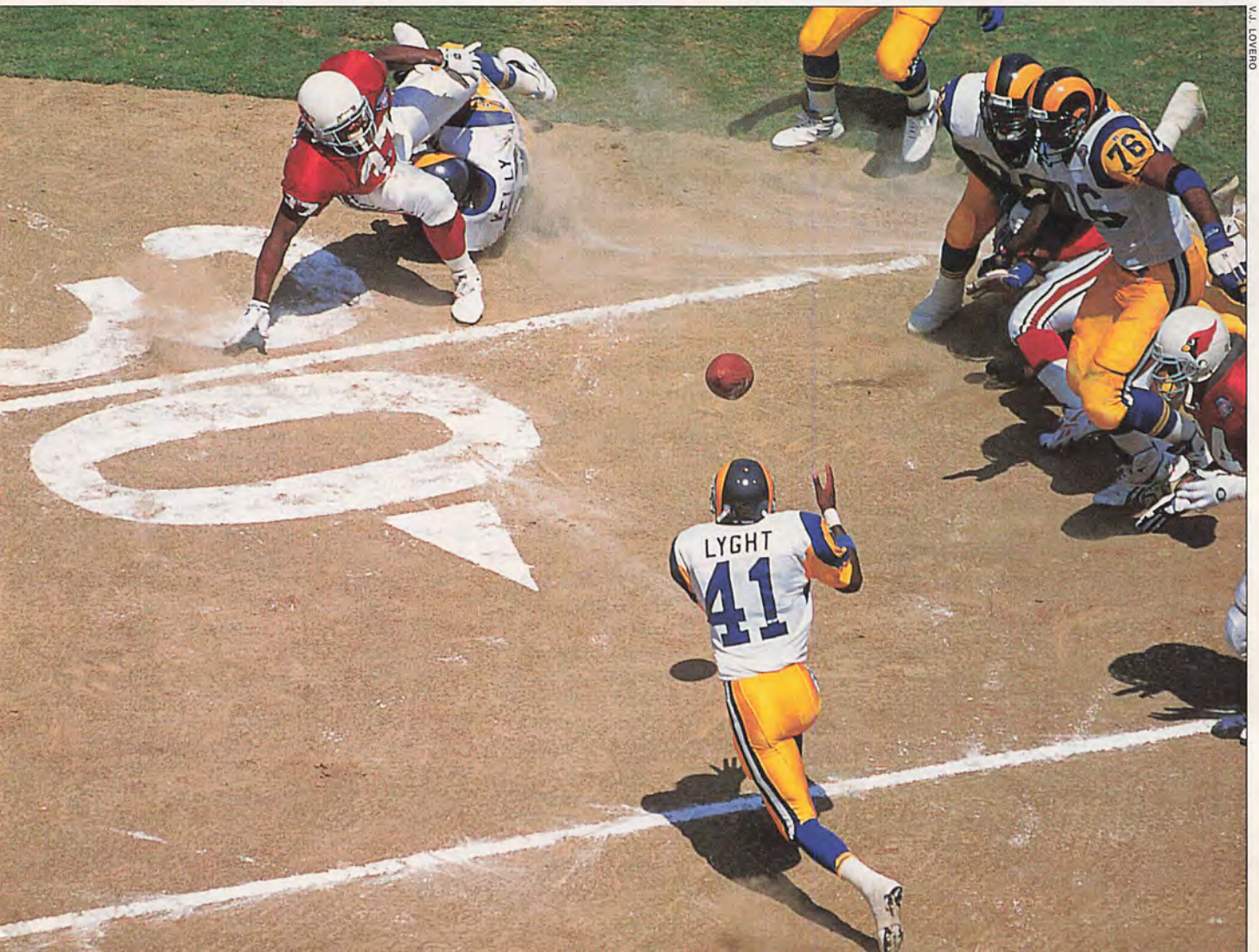
Ryan spent the preseason weeding out the soft guys. One day at camp he saw several injured players sitting and/or lying on the sidelines. The next day the order came down that injured players had to rehab their ailments for the entire practice session. Some injured players had to jog while pushing a sand-filled wheelbarrow around the field, an exercise that was the brainchild of strength coach Bob Rogucki. "Hell of a doctor, that Rogo," Ryan said. "Those hurt guys spent about half a day with those wheelbarrows, then they were back practicing."

But Ryan does have a lighter side. When Beuerlein threw a party last month for Cardinal players, staffers and wives, Ryan and wife Joanie stayed till closing time. "This is my kind of party," Ryan said at one point. "Lots of booze and pretty women."

In preparing for Sunday's opener Ryan didn't give the Cards any motivational gems. "No Vince Lombardi speeches—that's not Buddy," said Joyner, who played for Ryan in Philadelphia. The night before the game, in his best Oklahoma twang, Ryan simply told his team, "Men, we've got a great game plan. But if we don't upend people out there, it don't mean nothing."

Arizona will upend its share of folks this year. The big question now must be whether its offense can get into the end zone often enough to make an off-season of Ryan's brave words pan out come January. "These guys are in for an experience like they've never had before," Joyner said a couple of days before Sunday's game. "They have no idea how great it can be here." It won't be so great, though, if there are many more days like Sunday. ■

A first-quarter fumble by Centers (37) sent Lyght on a 74-yard TD jaunt that deflated the Cardinals.



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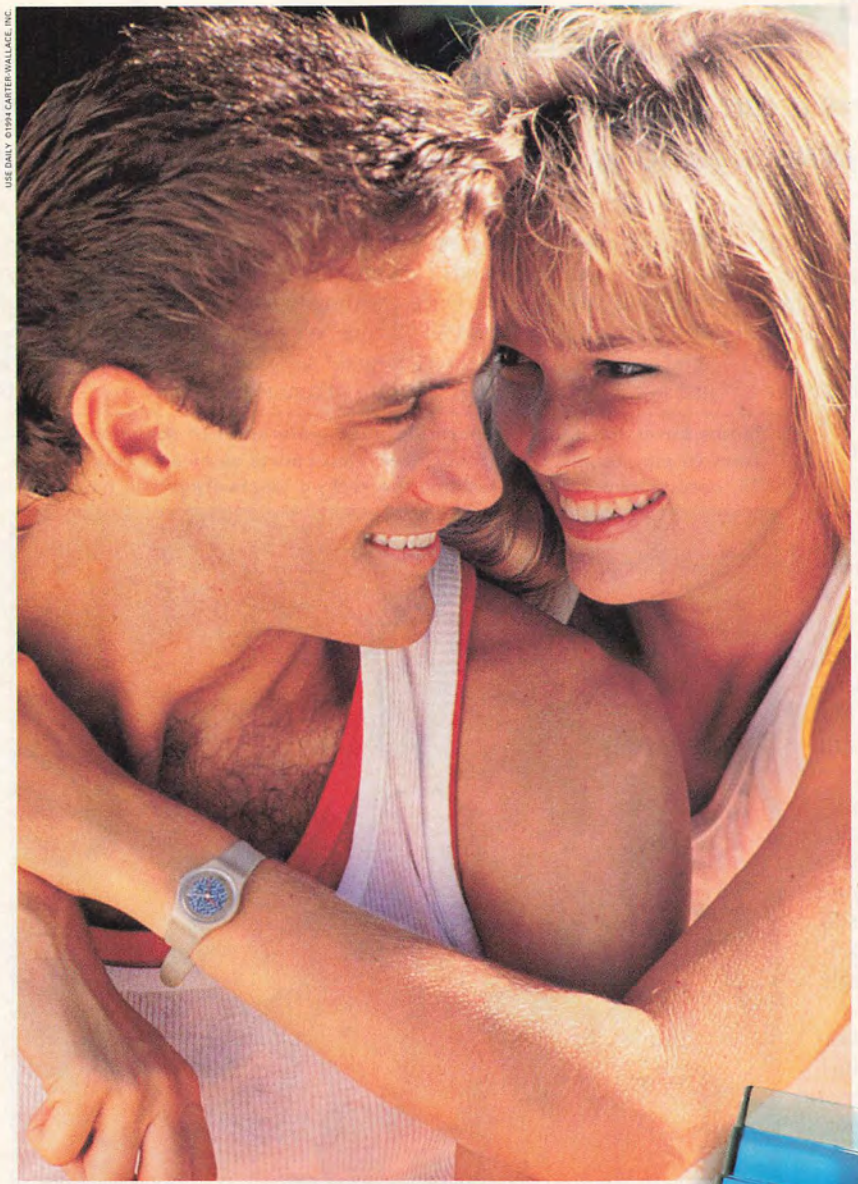

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Hometown Heroes

JAMES LEWIS, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

"Tennis is a gift the good Lord has given me, so I feel I must pass it along to others. As long as I can still hit the ball, I have work to do."

When he was a young man, segregation prevented James Lewis from playing tennis in the public parks of Birmingham, Ala. Undaunted, he would carve a red clay court out of a vacant lot, or paint lines on the stained concrete footprint of a torn-down nightclub.

Today, in the parks that once shunned him, Lewis is not only welcome, he's revered. At 75, two knee operations have limited his mobility, but he's still out on a variety of courts nearly every day, helping children and adults solve the mysteries of the game.

"If anyone wants to learn to play tennis," he says, "I'm available. No charge. Free!"

A retired steelworker, Lewis taught himself to play tennis more than 60 years ago, developing a wicked backhand. "I love the feel of hitting that ball," he says. "It came naturally to me."

Almost immediately, he began sharing his love of tennis with others in the black community. Today, for students of all races, he demonstrates the barest fundamentals. "It's a step-by-step progression," he says. "Forehand, backhand, volley, serve. Once they learn all that, then I let 'em try to put it all together, just like a jigsaw puzzle."

His patience and selflessness are legendary. "He is willing to share his knowledge, his equipment, even his food," says Louis Hill, director of tennis in suburban Fairfield. "He's an extraordinary person."

Lewis stresses personal responsibility as well as tennis, and several of his students have gone on to win college scholarships. "He put a racket in my hand," says DeAngelo Olds, 16, now a top-ranked player at Ensley High School. "It kept me out of the gangs."

Despite Lewis's best efforts, neither his son, James Jr., nor his wife of 46 years, Mary Frances, share his love of the game. These days, Lewis focuses his missionary zeal on several recreational programs—one of which is named for him—and two local colleges. The U.S. Tennis Association recently honored Lewis with a Community Service Award and a $500 check, which he used to buy tennis balls for area kids.

Lewis brushes off the accolades. "This is my calling," he says. "It comes straight from my heart. And I'm not through yet. Tennis is a gift the good Lord has given me, so I feel I must pass it along to others. As long as I can still hit the ball, I have work to do."

James Lewis has taught generation after generation of Alabama youngsters to play tennis, though not always on courts as nice as this one. At 75, despite two knee operations, the retired steelworker still has a ball.

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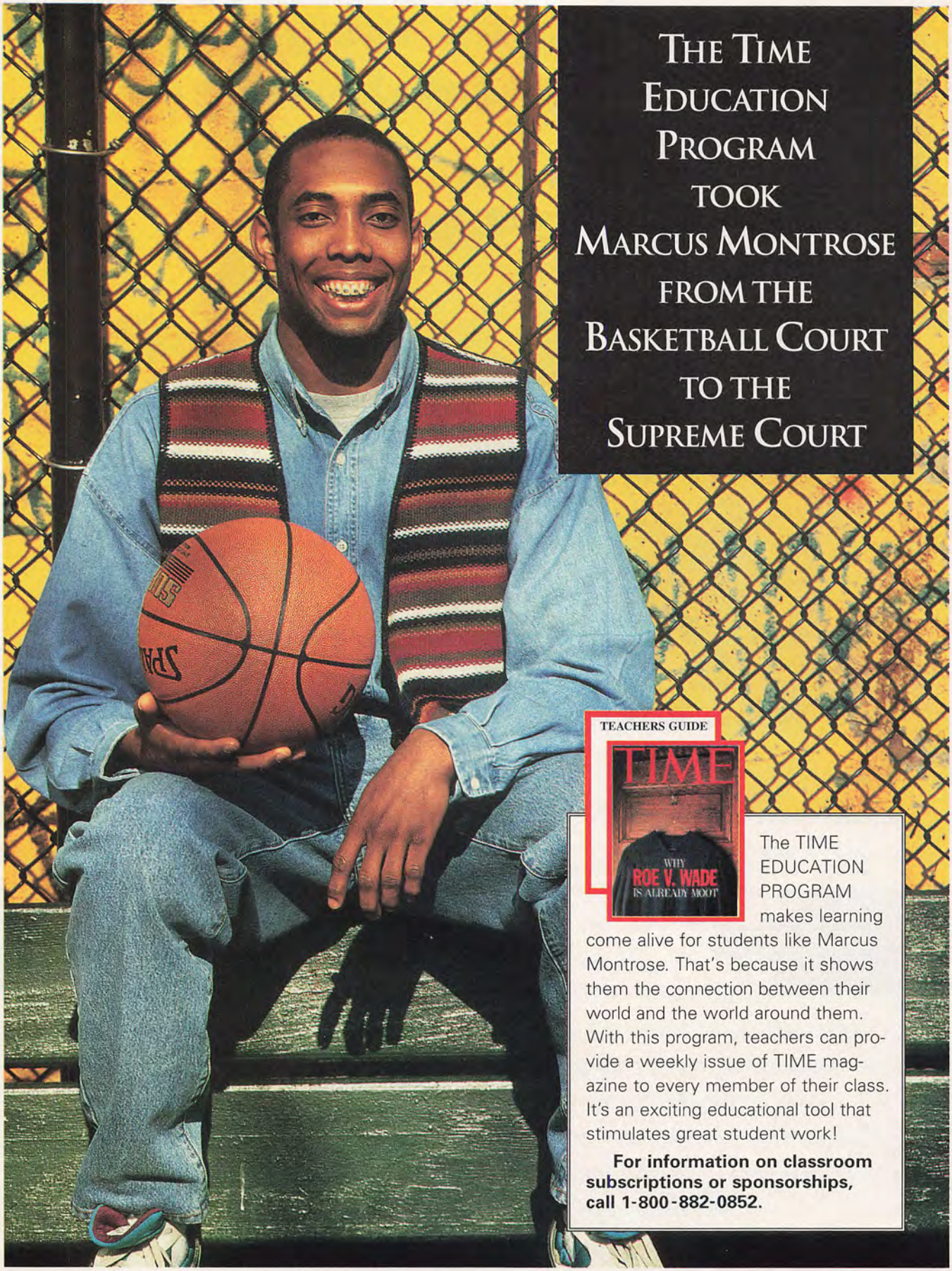

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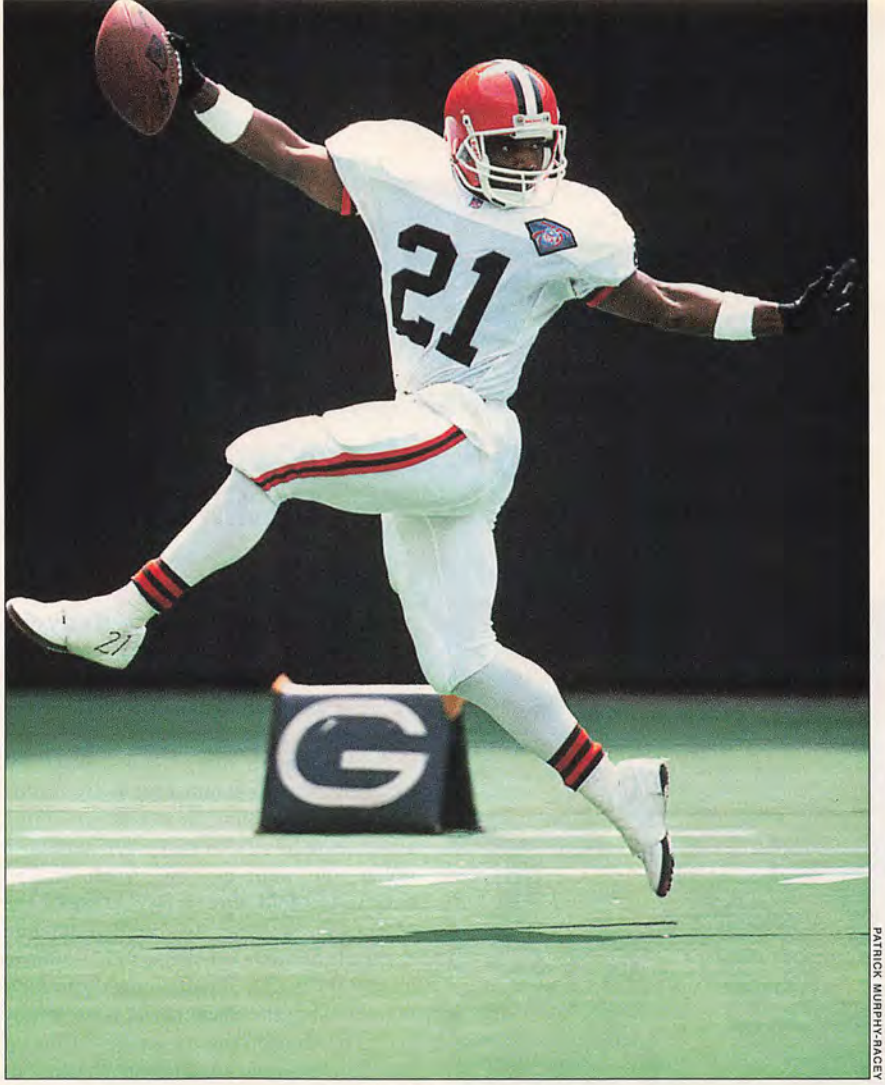
Long Gone Guy

Eric Metcalf scored on a 92-yard punt return to seal Cleveland's win over Cincinnati

by Tom Verducci



PATRICK MURPHY-RACEY

FOR ALL his talents and Pro Bowl stature, running back Eric Metcalf is like the car your grandmother drove only to church on Sundays. Underused. Though he is clearly the Cleveland Browns' meal ticket, last season he touched the ball from scrimmage only two more times than Touchdown Tommy Vardell—who scored just three rushing touchdowns in his first two seasons. Brown coach Bill Belichick decided that would change this year.

Before Cleveland's opener in Cincinnati on Sunday, Belichick said he planned to get the ball to Metcalf 20 times per game this season, six more than his average of 14 a game in '93. In the Browns' first opportunity to run up his mileage, however, Metcalf touched the ball only 14 times and gained no yards in seven rushing attempts, making him less productive than Vardell (eight yards rushing) or even punter Tom Tupa, who covered two yards while running out of kicking formation for the NFL's first-ever two-point conversion.

But there was this: Metcalf broke open the game with the longest punt return for a touchdown in Brown history, a Forrest Gump–like 92-yard second-quarter dash that sent Cleveland to a 28–20 victory. Sometimes one touch will do.

Standing on his own eight-yard line while the Cleveland return team aligned itself like a white picket fence parallel to the sideline, Metcalf thought, If I can get by one man, I can get to the wall. He did that easily enough and then noticed, as he said later, that "my guys were layin' people out all over the field." When Eric Turner took care of the last impediment, Bengal punter Lee Johnson, Metcalf had clear sailing, spread his arms out in glory and strode into the end zone from the Bengals' 40-yard line.

The punt return was Metcalf's fourth for a score in his career, another Cleveland record, and his first without being touched. It came less than three minutes after Randy Baldwin zipped 85 yards virtually unscathed with a kickoff for a touchdown. Metcalf and Baldwin—call them the Untouchables—saved the day for Cleveland, whose offense suffered a brownout after the two returners extended the Browns' lead to 25–7.

Metcalf, who makes great strides as a kick returner, would like to get more rushing opportunities.

"I don't know how many times Eric got the ball, but we got a 92-yard punt return out of him," Belichick said afterward. "That's what counts. The biggest thing is to get him the ball where he has a chance. He has to have a chance."

"I welcome getting the ball more," Metcalf said. "I'm starting to get some respect around the league. If I get more opportunities to get the ball, I'll have the chance to produce even more. And if I produce even more, then I can't help but get more respect."

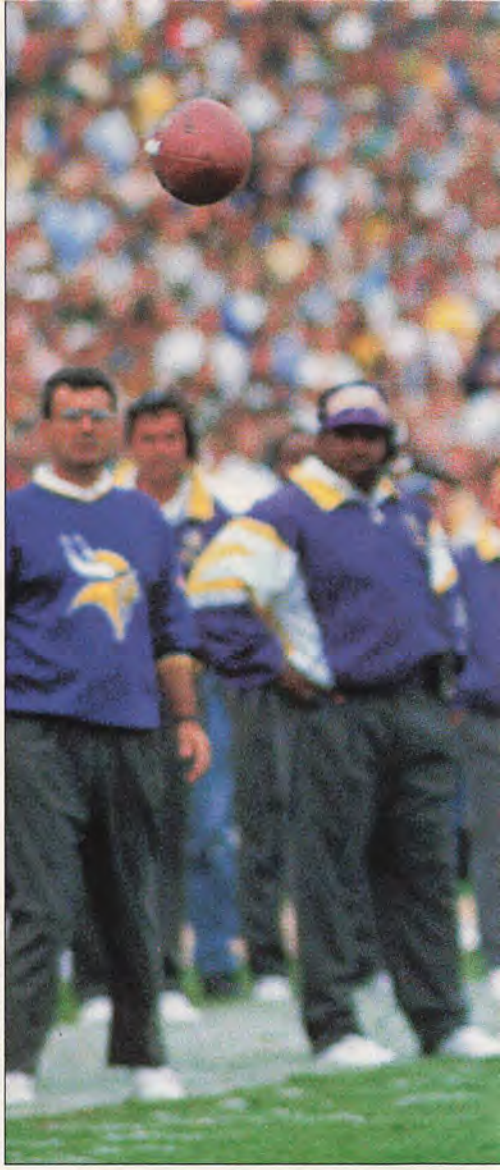
So what if Metcalf produced nothing on the ground against the Bengals? He averaged 28.7 yards running back punts—yet another club record—and reinforced his value to the club, no matter his workload this season.

Happy new year, Cleveland. And many happy returns. ■

Sharpeshooter

Packer QB Brett Favre blasted his top receiver, Sterling Sharpe, then used him to help beat the Vikings • by Jill Lieber

TODD ROSENBERG/ALLSPORT USA



TODD ROSENBERG/ALLSPORT USA

Sharpe (84) came back from his 11th-hour walkout in time to hook up for a score with Favre.

IN THE old days Green Bay Packer quarterback Brett Favre would have come unglued by the sort of distraction that hit the Pack the day before its season opener. That's when Favre's No. 1 target, flanker Sterling Sharpe, went AWOL in an attempt to get Green Bay management to renegotiate the 10-year, $15.5 million dollar contract he signed in 1991. But the new, improved Favre barely batted an eyelash when Sharpe, a four-time Pro Bowler who accounted for a quarter of the Packers' total yards from scrimmage in 1993, failed to show for last Saturday morning's practice and threatened to sit out the season. Instead of freaking out, Favre got angry. Real angry.

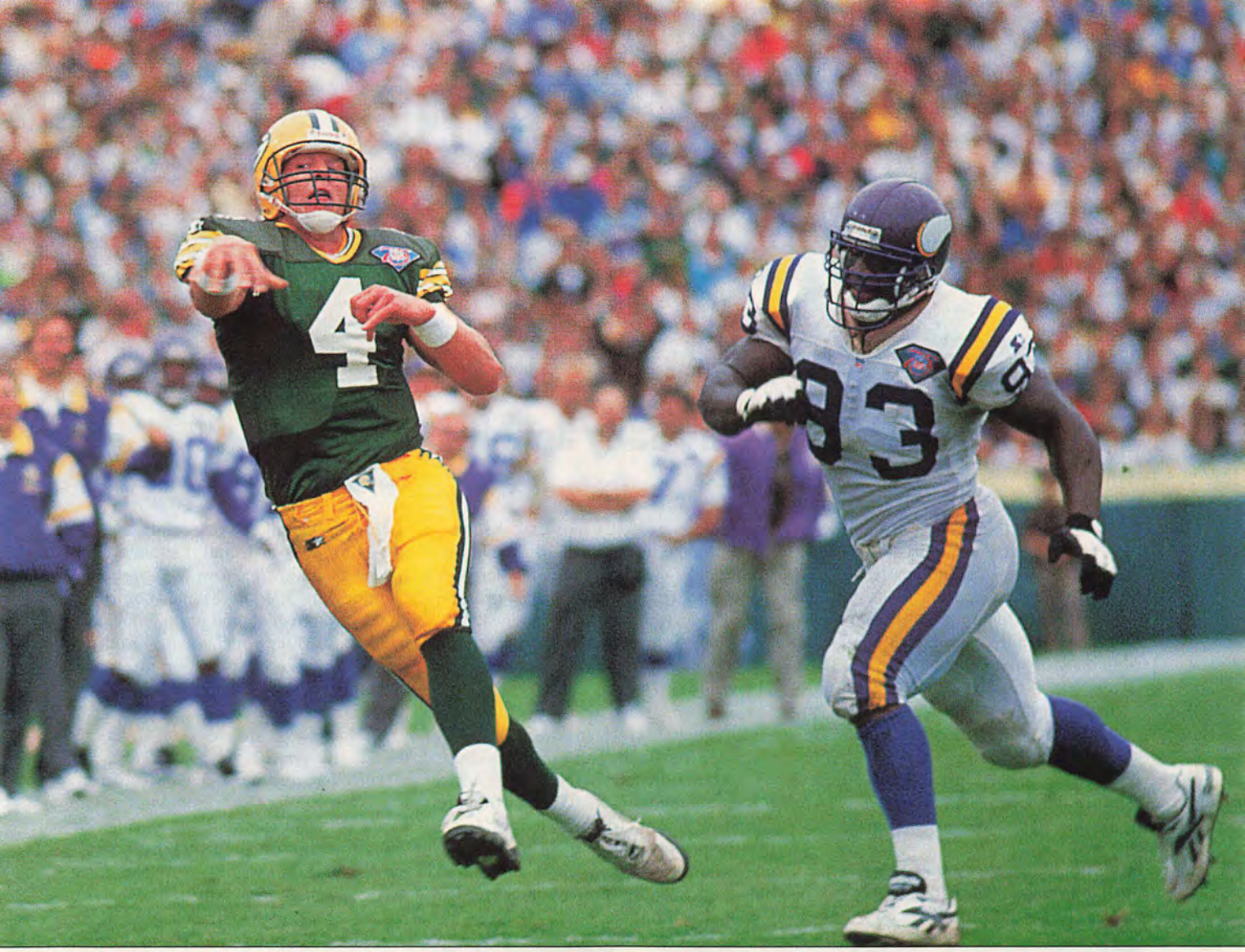
"Sure, Sterling's the guy I've thrown to the most the last two years," said Favre, who signed his own five-year, $19 million blockbuster deal on July 14. "But I can't fold my tent, then walk into the huddle and let the others see that I've given up. In my opinion Sterling's under contract, and he should honor that contract. If they give him more money, what's to stop other guys from wanting to renegotiate? The Packers can't do that. Listen, no one's that good."

Except maybe Sharpe, who settled his differences with management by Saturday evening, in time to attend a meeting at the team hotel that night, presumably a richer and happier man. With Sharpe back in the fold, Green Bay defeated the Minnesota Vikings 16–10 at Lambeau Field on Sunday, but what may be more important is that Favre showed the kind of leadership the Packers will need if they are to finish atop the tough NFC Central Division. He not only blasted Sharpe but also picked apart the Vikings. He completed 22 of 36 passing attempts for 185 yards and one touchdown—a 14-yarder to Sharpe in the second quarter. And he finished with no interceptions.

That Favre, 24, was able to respond as he did to such a sensitive situation is a big step in his growth as an NFL quarterback. If Green Bay is to be successful, Favre will have to display a maturity that he has shown only in flashes the past two seasons. After leading the NFL in interceptions (24) in 1993, he spent the better part of the off-season analyzing what went wrong. The passionate and spirited Favre came to the conclusion that he had been his own worst enemy. He wanted to be so good, so quickly, that he may have worked *too hard* at the game. He routinely put in 12-hour workdays at the Packer training facility, studying film well into the evenings. Even on Tuesdays, the players' day off, Favre barricaded himself in the Green Bay headquarters to lift weights, run and watch film, which is all but unheard of among starting NFL quarterbacks. Favre wrote detailed notes in his playbook and scribbled reminders on yellow five-by-seven-inch note cards. "I'd write over and over, *I will not throw into coverage*," Favre says. "At times I felt like I was back in sixth grade. I was so overprepared for every game."

Now, in retrospect, Favre says that being overprepared and having a contract negotiation hanging over his head may have been what ailed him. "Last year I didn't admit that things were getting to me," Favre says. "My first year here [1992], I finished among the top six quarterbacks in the league, and we won games we shouldn't have. The expectations grew rapidly. Then we signed Reggie White last year, and everybody was talking Super Bowl. I expected a lot from myself. I told myself, If I don't play well, we can forget it as a team. I pressed too much."

According to Packer quarterbacks



coach Steve Mariucci and offensive coordinator Sherman Lewis, most of Favre's interceptions came when he was flushed out of the pocket and had to scramble. Flustered, he failed to work through his receiver progressions. At times he became overly aggressive, forcing the ball into coverage. In the hopes of keeping Favre on a more even keel, Mariucci is now stationed on the sideline instead of upstairs in the coaches' box.

"Brett does well in practice; then on game day, he gets so involved that he's tackling his own teammates," Mariucci says, rolling his eyes. "Brett used to hyperventilate in games. He has a tendency to be way up or way down. We want him to be steadier."

Mariucci has also helped Favre cope with the spotlight of the NFL and the fishbowl of Green Bay. He's especially sensitive to the fact that Favre, who grew up in tiny Kiln, Miss., and went to Southern Mississippi, hadn't been groomed for a high-profile life—and the responsibilities that go along with it. Favre has never hidden the fact that when his work is done, he likes to party. During his up-and-down 1993 season, there were frequent Favre tavern sightings, though Favre swears that partying has never interfered with football and that he only goes out on Sunday and Monday nights.

"We have had many man-to-man talks," Mariucci says. "I tell Brett what I think. Ninety percent is about football, 10 percent about personal things. Right now, it seems to me, he has settled down. He is living a more normal lifestyle."

"None of this has been easy for me," Favre says. "I didn't go to Quarterback U. I've had to do a lot of learning on the run. One year I'm playing against Tulane; the next I'm on *Monday Night Football* in front of 80,000 in Kansas City. I'm thinking, Holy cow! Look at this! There are still moments in meetings when the coaches say, 'We've got to protect Brett this week.' And I think, I'm a starting quarterback in the NFL. Sometimes I catch myself saying, 'Are they really talking about me?' "

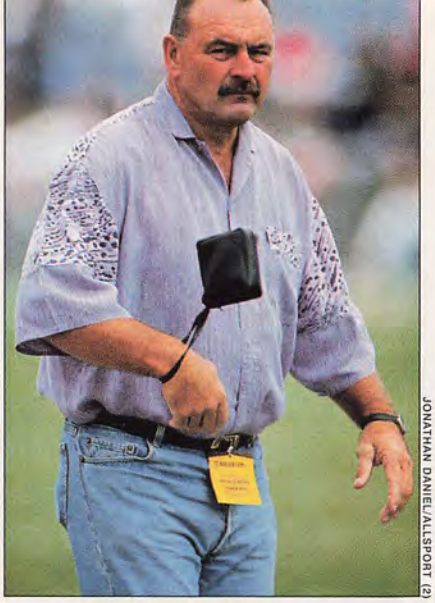
Favre's counterpart on the Vikings, Warren Moon, struggled in his first game for Minnesota. He completed 20 of his 37 passing attempts for 166 yards, but he had no touchdowns and he threw three interceptions.

Both quarterbacks believe they have a lot to prove this season. Too often the critics put a big *but* after Moon's statistics because, in 10 seasons with the Houston Oilers, he never got to the AFC Championship Game. "The only thing I have left to prove is that I can get a team into the Super Bowl," says Moon.

Meanwhile, Favre also wants to take Green Bay to a championship. "After we failed in our Super Bowl bid last year," says Favre, "I'd say, 'I'll be in the league 12 years, so I can do it another year.' But now I look at it and say, 'I want to win now.' " ■

Switcheroo

Chicago's offense, dismal a year ago, unexpectedly outshone the team's D in a win over Tampa Bay • by Sally Jenkins



JONATHAN DANIEL/ALLSPORT (2)

IT'S A cultural thing. The Chicago Bears have always relied on their chest-thumping, head-banging, mud-spattered defense. Just don't expect a lot of points, right? Wrong. On Sunday at Soldier Field the Bears debuted a new offense that stole the glory from the defense in a 21–9 victory over the Tampa Bay Buccaneers.

Beginning his second season as coach of the Bears, Dave Wannstedt appears to have reversed his team's fortunes. After the offense finished last in the NFL last season and averaged a pathetic 14.6 points per game, Wannstedt signed second-rank free agents like Erik Kramer, the sometime quarterback of the Detroit Lions, and Lewis Tillman, a former New York Giant running back. "I can promise the offense won't go down from 28th," Wannstedt said dryly the day before the game. And indeed, by Chicago standards, 21 points was a scoring extravaganza.

The offense that faced the Bucs featured seven players making their first starts for the Bears. But the Bears drove 68 yards in only four plays on their initial possession, and scored a TD on a 10-yard pass from Kramer to Chris Gedney. In '93 the Bears did not score on an opening possession until Game 10 and mustered only four touchdown drives of 68 yards or longer all season.

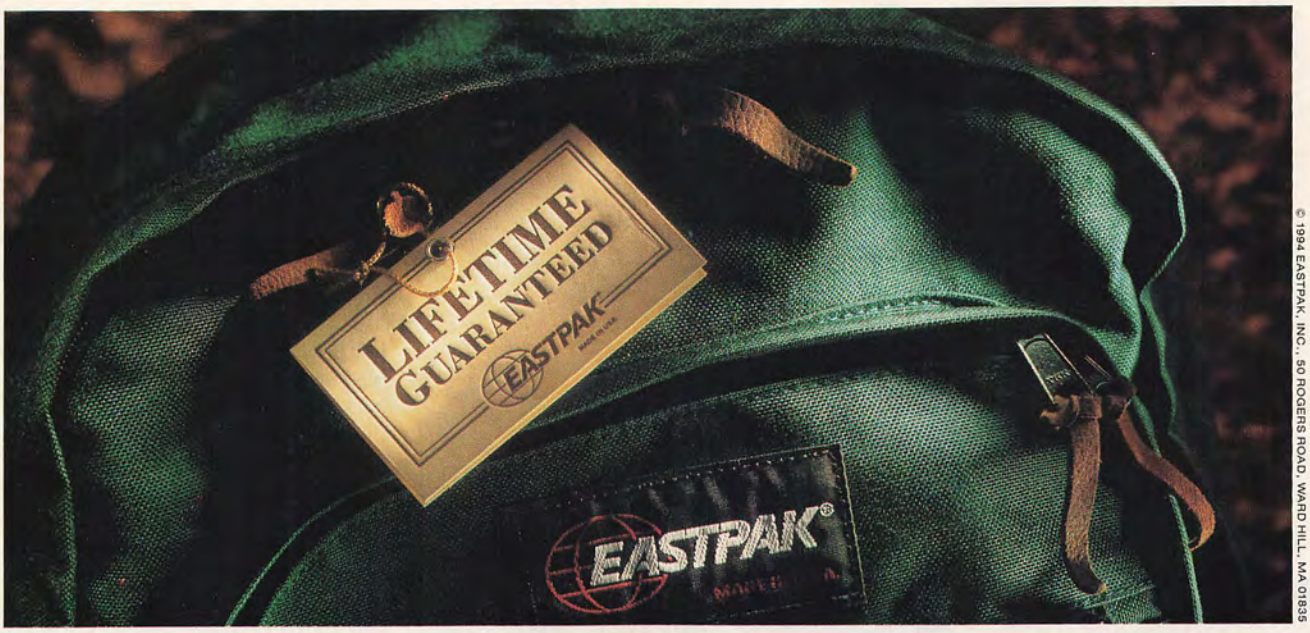
It might pain an old Bear like Dick Butkus (above) to see Zorich (97) and the other defenders struggle.

Kramer wound up completing 18 of 25 passes for 212 yards and made a second crucial touchdown throw, a 37-yarder to Gedney, with 5:35 left. Tillman contributed 62 yards rushing and a touchdown. "I liked those three touchdowns," said defensive end Trace Armstrong afterward. "I could get used to that in a hurry."

What nobody on the Bears could warm to was the way the defense, usually among the league's most grudging units, was playing. The line allowed 103 yards rushing to backs Vince Workman and rookie Errict Rhett in the first half; during one embarrassing stretch, the defense permitted the Bucs to assemble a 21-play drive that consumed 10:05 and left defensive tackle Chris Zorich and linebacker Danté Jones gasping on the sideline. In the past the Bear defense had a ready scapegoat in the team's three-and-out offense. "At least last year we had somebody to blame," Zorich said. "This time we have nobody to blame but ourselves."

Still, the Bears did not give up a touchdown, allowing Tampa Bay only three Michael Husted field goals. And their defensive ills are curable. One reason for their generosity to the Bucs was that the defense, too, sported a bunch of new faces. Alonzo Spellman, a 22-year-old defensive end, and 24-year-old defensive tackle Carl Simpson looked confused. "I don't think anybody is happy with the way we played," said Armstrong, whose two fourth-quarter sacks of Craig Erickson saved the Bears' pass-rushing reputation.

The overall verdict on the Bears is that they are much improved. It was left to tight end Marv Cook, a free-agent addition who spent five years with the New England Patriots, to sum it up. "Hey, man, when you come from New England, you just appreciate a win," Cook said. ■



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Faulk Hero

Rookie Marshall Faulk powered Indianapolis to an easy win over Houston • by Jack McCallum

CHUCK SOLOMON (2)

Faulk's TD plunge began the rout, which gave him, and long-suffering Colt fans, cause to smile.

THE INDIANAPOLIS Colts limped into the 1994 season with their customary litany of ills—soft defense, uncertain chemistry and plain bad luck. Yes, quarterback Jeff George and his ego were gone, but in his place was Chicago Bear reject Jim Harbaugh, a caretaker signal-caller not likely to inspire Super Bowl visions. There was one major difference with the Hosses this season, however—they had a Marshall Plan. Hand Marshall the ball. Throw Marshall the ball. Get Marshall the ball somehow or someway.

Rookie running back Marshall Faulk touched the ball 24 times on Sunday, rushing for 143 yards and three touchdowns and catching a screen pass for 31 yards in the Colts' 45–21 win over the Houston Oilers at the RCA Dome. "They were David, we were Goliath," said Oiler linebacker Micheal Barrow. "And their slingshot was Marshall Faulk."

Then, too, Houston looked very much like a team at which to hurl stones. In the off-season it had lost not only quarterback Warren Moon by way of a trade with the Minnesota Vikings but also defensive ends William Fuller (now with the Philadelphia Eagles) and Sean Jones (the Green Bay Packers) to free agency and guard Mike Munchak to retirement. Factor in the departure of defensive coordinator Buddy Ryan to the Arizona Cardinals, and it becomes a little clearer how a Colt team that had gone 4–12 last season could so dominate an Oiler team that had won its last 11 regular-season games.

Speaking of Ryan, it was a toss-up as to whom he might have taken a poke at had he been on the Oiler sideline Sunday, but a likely candidate would have been his old punching bag, assistant head coach Kevin Gilbride. Gilbride's run-and-shoot offense (Ryan called it the chuck and duck) was totally ineffective in the first half, all but handing the Colts three touchdowns on turnovers. Or perhaps Ryan might have directed his wrath at his replacement at defensive coordinator, Jeff Fisher. Fisher's charges allowed Indianapolis, the NFL's worst rushing team three years in a row, to pick up 182 yards on the ground.

Still, the Colts are undeniably an improved team. Faulk is only one of a handful of fresh faces that add vigor to a beleaguered franchise. Linebacker Tony Bennett, a free agent from the Green Bay Packers, is another; it was Bennett who, with Indy leading 7–0 in the second quarter, scooped up quarterback Cody Carlson's fumble and dashed 75 yards for a touchdown. Floyd Turner, a free-agent receiver, is another; Turner caught three passes for 29 yards, including two TDs. And Harbaugh, bless his immobile heart, is another. On one second-quarter play, with Barrow and safety Marcus Robertson closing in on him, he zipped a nine-yard touchdown pass to Turner.

That's the kind of stand-up play the Colts have lacked in recent years. Now they have a newfound aggressiveness, a new spirit and a new Faulk hero. It won't be enough to get them into the Super Bowl, but based on this performance, it might get Indy to .500. ■

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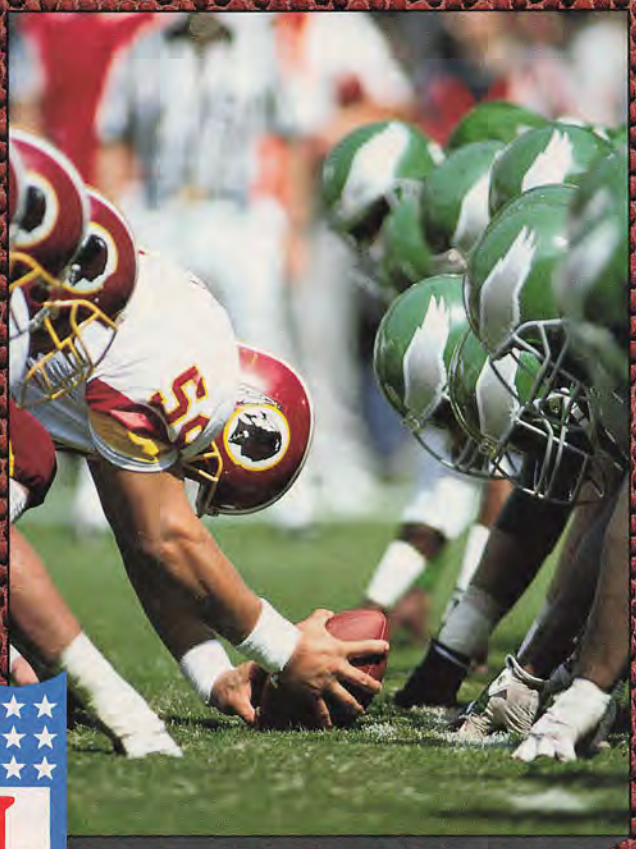

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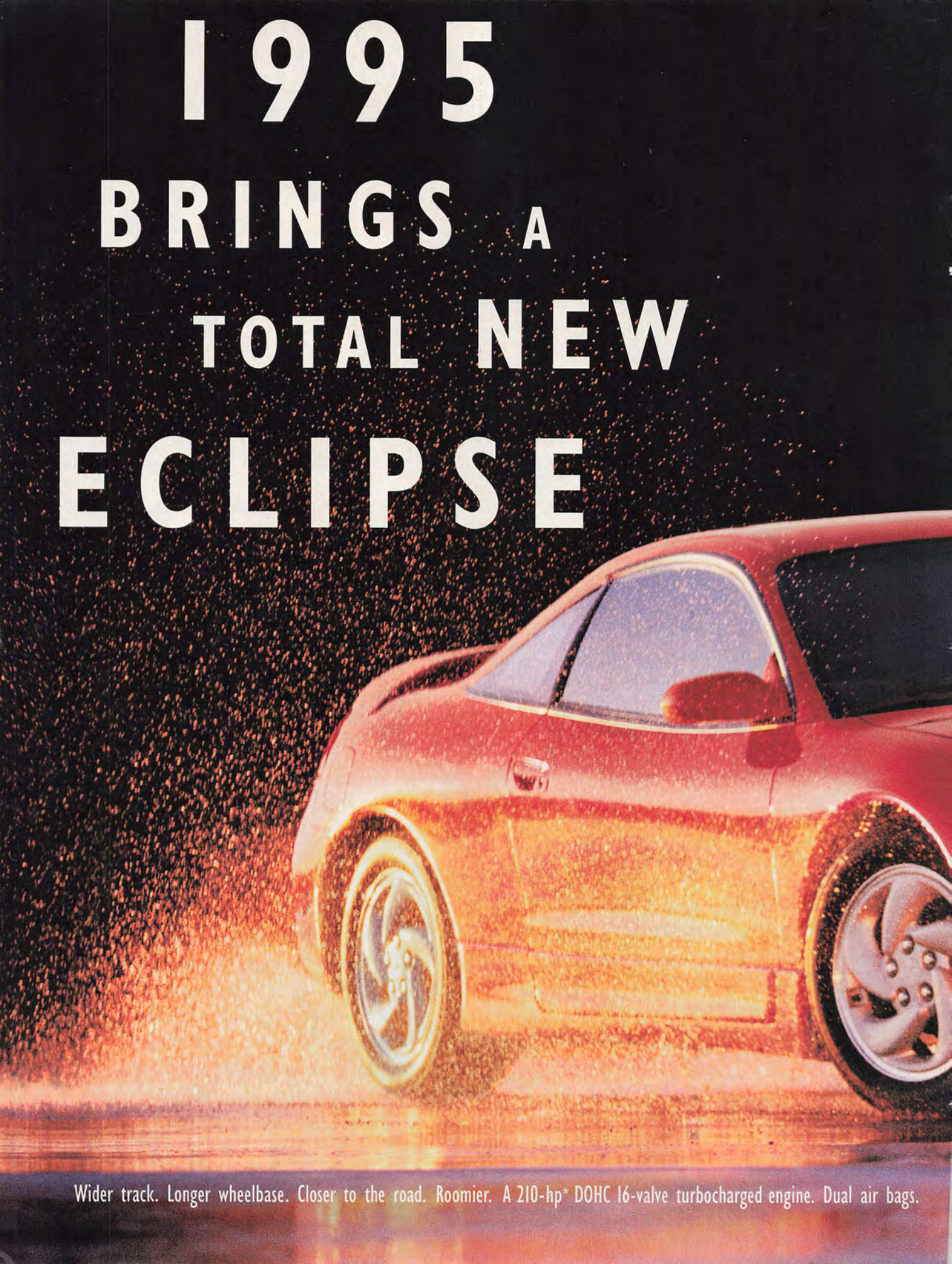

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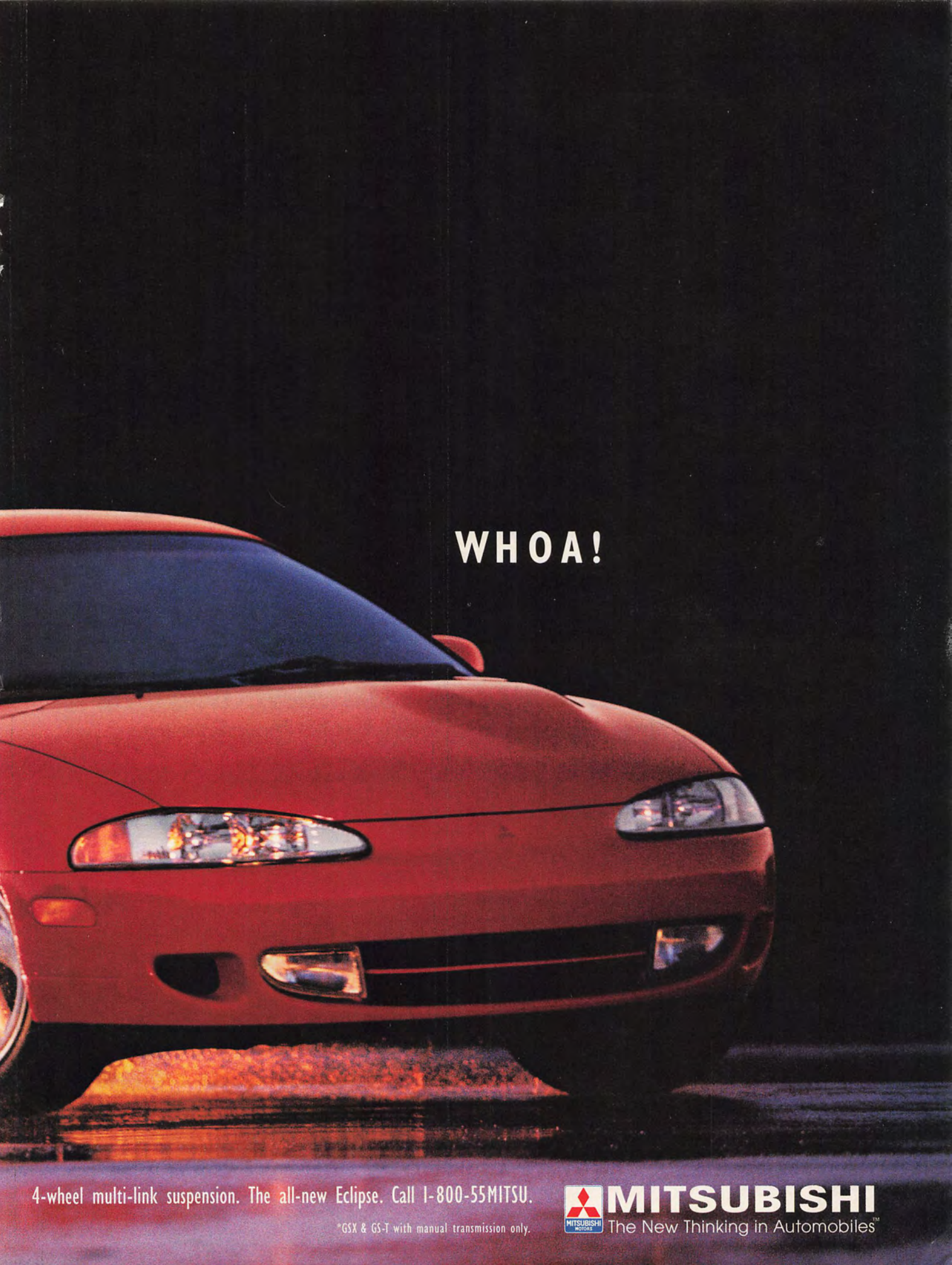

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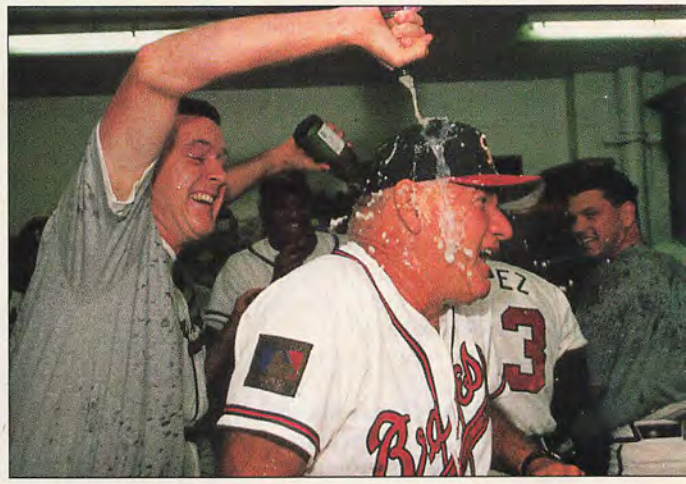
We Interrupt The '94 NFL Season to Bring You the '94 Pennant Race...

. . . and the International League showdown between the Richmond Braves and the Charlotte Knights may be as good as it gets this year • by Tim Kurkjian

WHAT MORE could you ask of a pennant race? The top two teams, separated in the standings by a half game, determine the championship by going head-to-head in the final five games of the season. Four of the five are decided by one run, three are settled in the winning team's last at bat, two go extra innings. The games are played in ballparks called the Castle and the Diamond. One pitcher throws 96 mph, and one player gets 10 hits in his first 14 at bats. In the pennant clincher a player whose career seems stalled is the unlikely hero, and the game is completed in an hour and 58 minutes!

It was a down-to-the-wire race so compelling that it was easy to forget this wasn't the major leagues. It was, in fact, the grand finale of the Triple A International League's West Division, pitting the Charlotte Knights against the Richmond Braves, the top farm teams for the Cleveland Indians and Atlanta Braves, respectively. And when it was over, when Richmond had won 3–2 last Friday night to go 2½ games up with one to play, there was a

Houston's two-run homer clinched the division title for Richmond and put (below, from left) Oliva, Lomon and Fischer in a celebratory mood.



Photographs by Doug Pensinger

champagne celebration in the Braves' clubhouse that rivaled any ever held in the big leagues.

"To us, this *is* the big leagues," said Richmond's Tyler Houston, a .244 hitter who a few minutes earlier had clubbed a game-winning, two-run homer to clinch the title. "This is the highest level there is now, so tonight is extra special. With the strike, prospects are getting the recognition they deserve. We're in the spotlight now."

Indeed, on the day that pseudocommissioner Bud Selig proclaimed that if the major league owners and players did not settle their labor dispute by Sept. 9, the rest of the big league season and the postseason would be canceled, Richmond captured some of the scant magic left in what had promised to be a wondrous year for baseball.

The strike actually served to intensify this Triple A race because the players were focused on winning a divisional title for themselves rather than thinking about whether or not they would be called to the big leagues when rosters expanded to 40 players, which usually happens on Sept. 1. As it was, with the shutdown of the majors heading into its fourth week, the only evidence that anyone in Charlotte or Richmond was paying any attention to the Show was a cartoon taped to the door of the visitors' clubhouse at the Knights' Castle. It depicted a disheveled major league player standing at the front door of a woman's house, asking, "Mow your lawn for $23,000, ma'am?"

The Knights won eight of the first 13 meetings with the Braves this season, but Richmond held a half-game lead in the standings going into the five-game showdown. With the likelihood of these teams' meeting again in the playoffs, the possibility existed that they would face each other 10 times in 11 days. "It will be amazing if we don't have a bench-clearing brawl before all this is over," said Charlotte infielder Tim Jones. "We play hard. They play hard."

Stock car racing and baseball are the sports staples in Charlotte, the South's newest metropolis. But while the thrill of a pennant chase in September hasn't registered with the bulk of the local citizenry yet—the crowds fell short of 7,000 for the first two games of the three-game series at the Castle—the final series was all-consuming for the Knights and their devoted followers, including some far-flung family members.

One of Charlotte's best players, third baseman David Bell, is the son of Buddy Bell and the grandson of Gus Bell, both of whom are former major leaguers. At the start of the season the Indians weren't sure David, 21, was ready for Triple A this year, but he hit .293 with 88 RBIs and was the best-fielding third baseman in the International League. But for the strike, David would surely be on his way to Cleveland, making the Bells only the second family ever to send three generations of ballplayers to the majors. (The Boones—Ray, Bob and Bret, now the Cincinnati Reds' second baseman—were the first.) "If it happens, it will be special," says David, who regularly seeks advice from Gus and Buddy, who's now an Indian coach.

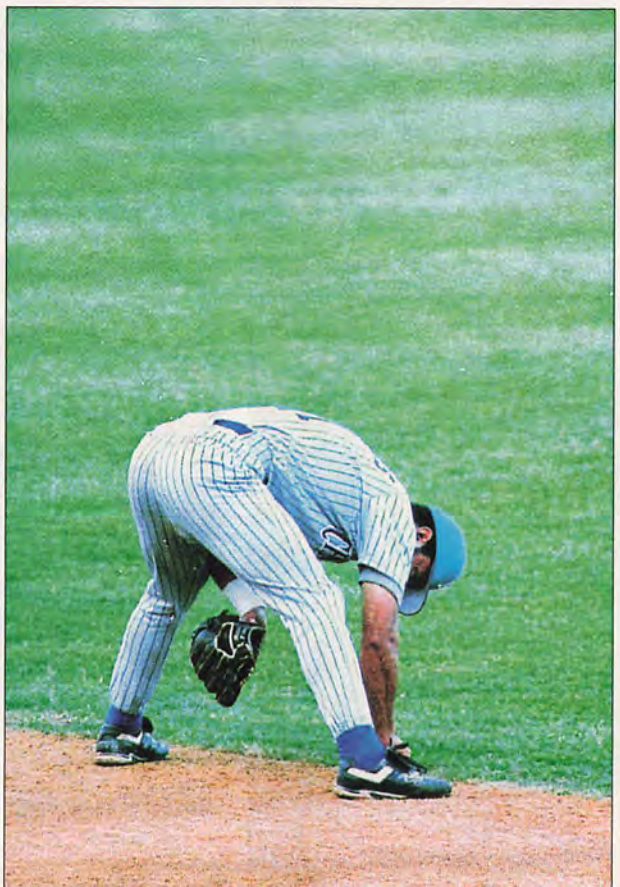
JIM GUND

Owen went the distance for his grandson, parking near the Castle for the summer.

One of David's teammates, outfielder Brian Giles, can count on support from an out-of-towner as well, his grandfather Richard Owen. When Owen retired in 1992, he and his wife had planned to drive their mobile home from El Cajon, Calif., to wherever Brian was assigned for that season. His wife died of cancer that year, but Owen followed through on their plan, and he has spent the last three summers living in campgrounds near Brian's home stadium, going to every home game and listening to road games on the radio. "If he was playing in a tiddledywinks contest," says Owen, "I'd be there to watch."

The mother of Charlotte second baseman Miguel Flores lives in Monterrey, Mexico, but she's with him in spirit. Before every game he runs to his position, steps on second and writes his mother's name, Marina, and draws a heart in the dirt behind the bag. "Then I say a prayer for God to take care of her," says Flores, whose father died a month before he was born. Marina taught school and kept her four sons together, all the while urging Miguel to pursue his dream of being a ballplayer. "Sometimes, her name will stay there [in the dirt] the whole game," says Miguel. "To me, it's always there."

And so it was when Richmond took the field in Charlotte on Aug. 30 for the series opener. The Knights' Julian Tavarez, who was bidding to become only the second 16-game winner in the International League since 1982, was matched against the Braves' 22-year-old Kevin Lomon, who had been 86–5 in a storied high school career back in Cameron, Okla. Because his school did not have a football team, its baseball team played in



At every game, Flores showed with his infield artistry that his heart belongs to Momma.

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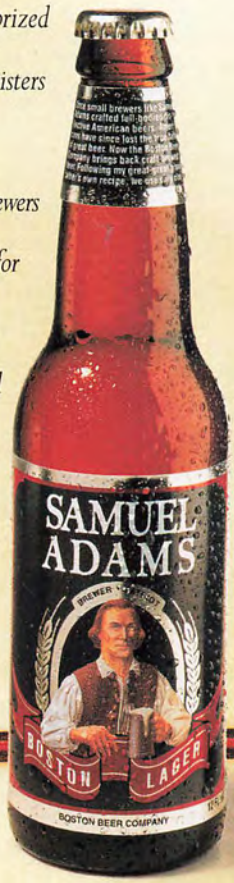

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the fall and spring, a total of 60 games a year. Lomon won 64 games in a row. "Fish [Brave pitching coach Bill Fischer] says I'm already washed up from pitching so much," Lomon says. Hardly. Neither Tavarez nor Lomon was around, however, when, after three hours and 40 minutes, the Knights won 4–3 in the 12th inning. "Great game if you didn't have a date afterward," said Richmond manager Grady Little, whose club slipped a half game behind Charlotte with the loss.

The highlight of the game was a confrontation in the top of the 11th between two potential major league stars. Charlotte relief ace Paul Shuey, who was called up to Cleveland in May and served as the Tribe's closer until he strained his groin seven weeks later, went *mano a mano* with Richmond third baseman Jose Oliva, who hit six home runs in 59 at bats with Atlanta this summer before being returned to the minors so he could play during the strike. "Now, that was real *baseball*," Charlotte manager Brian Graham said later. "Shuey was throwing 96 miles an hour, Oliva was swinging 96. Guys in both dugouts were sitting there with their mouths open." Shuey poured two fastballs past Oliva, who battled back and eventually singled. But Shuey did not allow a run in two innings of work and got the win.

Richmond leapfrogged back into first the next night, when leftfielder Brian Kowitz's two-run double broke open the game in the fifth. Hiawatha Terrell Wade struck out eight in seven innings to get the 4–1 win. Named after a friend of his mother's, Wade went by Hiawatha until his first year in pro ball (1991), when he chose to be called Terrell. "The [Atlanta] Braves will want me to change it back," Wade says of his inevitable rise to the majors.

Discovered at a tryout camp by Atlanta scout Roy Clark, Wade, 21, is one of the top prospects in the game, a lefthander with a 90-mph-plus fastball, a good changeup and a loose arm. He signed his first contract in a pool hall owned by his parents in Rembert, S.C. As Clark remembers it, "I asked Hiawatha, 'Are you ready to sign?' and he said, 'Just a minute, let me finish this game.' Then he ran the table. He's a guy who takes care of business." Wade chuckled. "It was a game of six-ball," he says. "For 10 bucks."

Last Thursday night the Braves upped their lead to 1½ games, but it took them until 12:33 a.m. to do it. Rain delayed the game for almost two hours in the fifth, and then Richmond blew a 2–0 lead in the ninth. With about 200 fans left from the sellout crowd of 10,392, Kowitz homered in the top of the 10th to give Richmond a 3–2 victory. In three games Kowitz had 10 hits in 14 at bats against Charlotte. "I've never hit a home run at 12:30 in the morning," he said. "Only in my dreams."

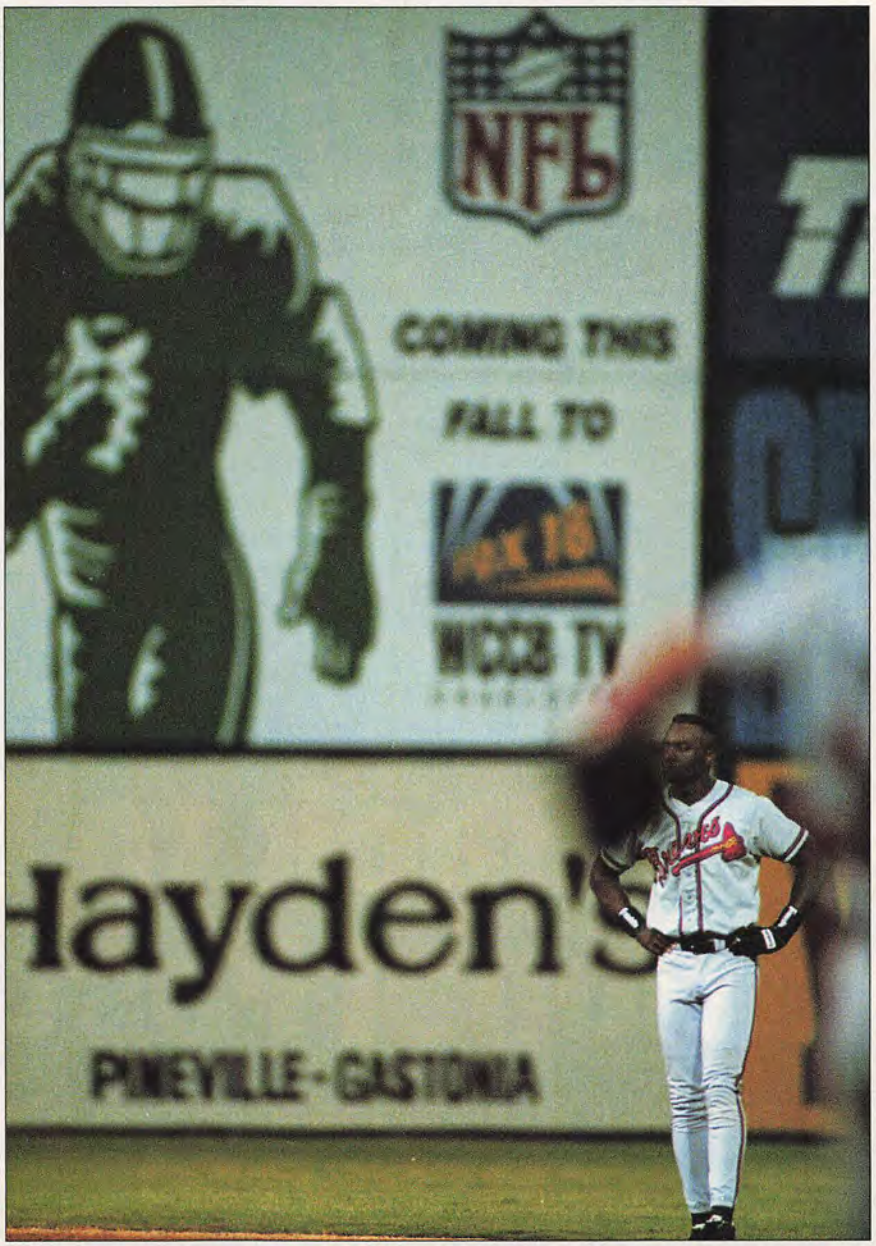
It was Houston's turn to dream when the two teams traveled to Richmond and resumed the series last Friday at the Diamond. A near-capacity crowd of 12,192 saw another pitchers' duel—the Braves' Brad Woodall, a 15-game winner and the league's most valuable pitcher, against the Knights' Chad Ogea, who retired the first 15 hitters and took a 2–1 lead into the eighth. But then, with two out and Pat Kelly at third, Houston drilled a 2–2 slider over the rightfield wall for his fourth homer of the year. Pedro Borbon, son of the former major league reliever of the same name, retired the Knights in order in the ninth, and Houston jumped into the pile of jubilant Braves near second base.

The second player chosen in the 1989 draft, Houston, 23, has been a disappointment to his organization. He, not Javy Lopez, was expected to be Atlanta's starting catcher by now. But on this night he was the star of the game that decided a terrific pennant race.

Oliva sprayed Houston with champagne in the clubhouse and then shouted, "This won't be our only celebration; we're going to win the whole thing. *This* is the big leagues. *We're* the big leagues. And we're going to keep playing and playing."

We'll drink to that. ■

The haunting image of pro football looms over strike-torn baseball—even in a Triple A ballpark.



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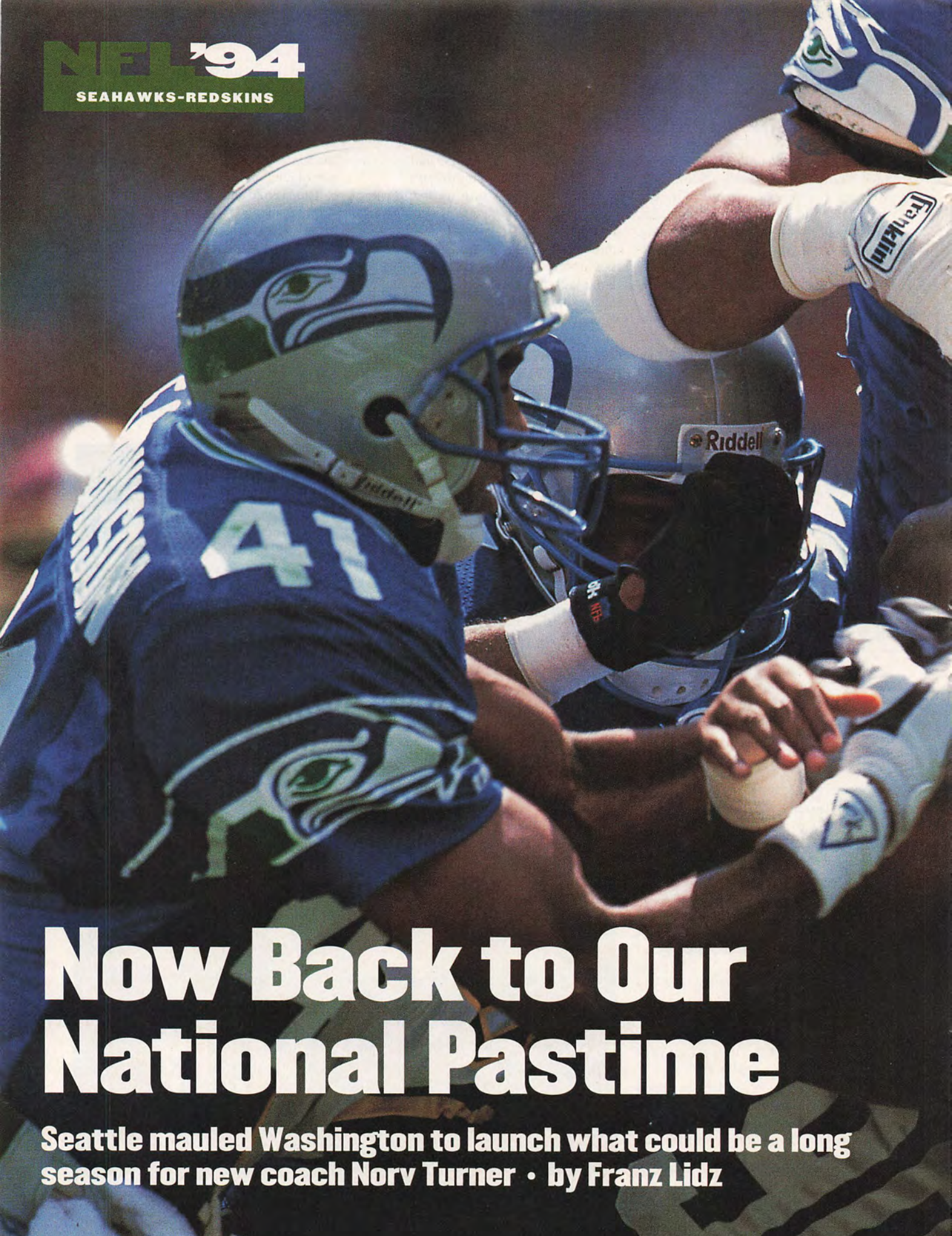
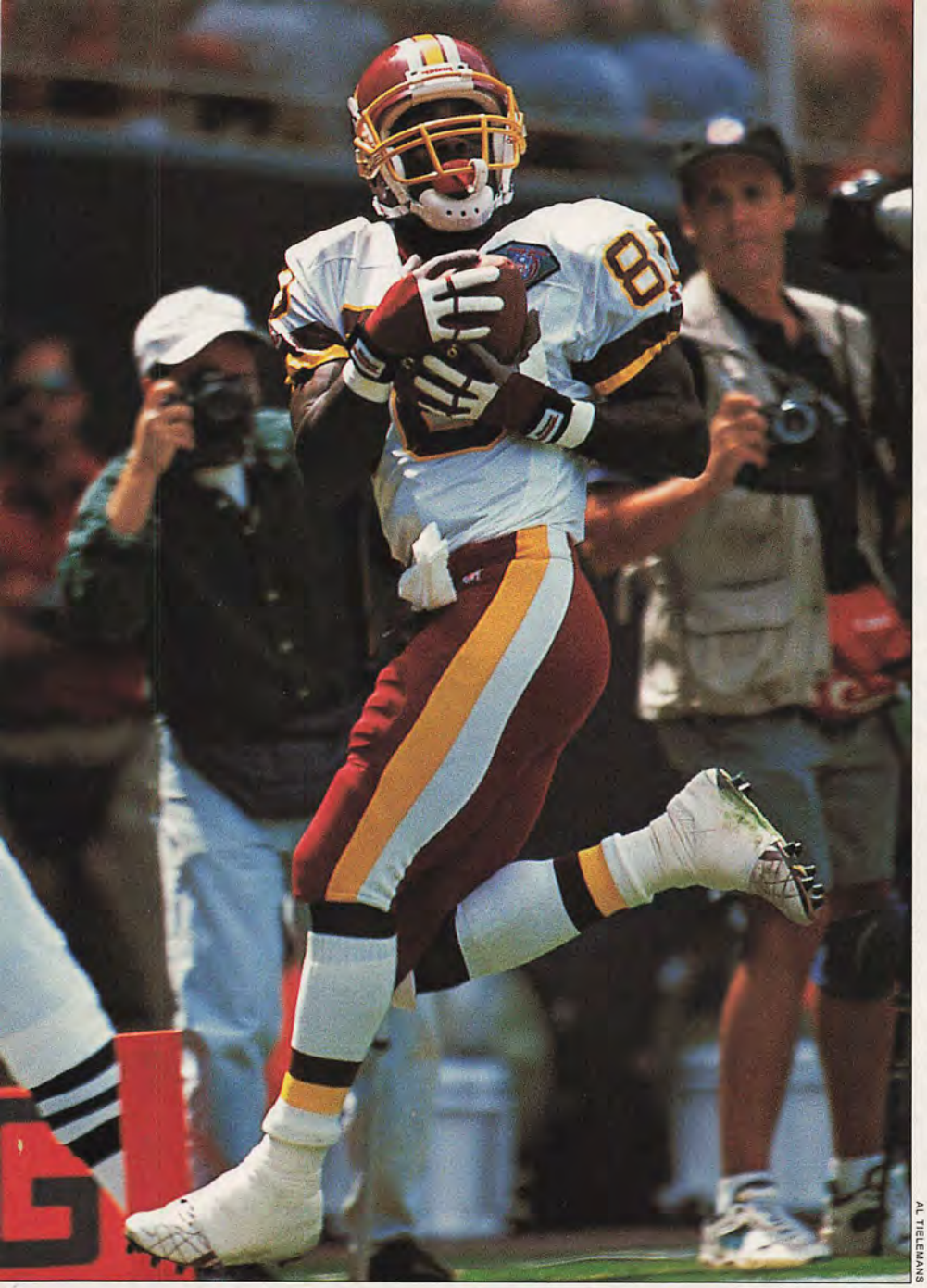


Now Back to Our National Pastime

Seattle mauled Washington to launch what could be a long season for new coach Norv Turner • by Franz Lidz

AL TIELEMANS

Seahawk defenders were all over Reggie Brooks and the other Skin runners.



AL TIELEMANS

Howard gathered in his first NFL scoring pass in the first quarter, then once again disappeared.

IN THE three years since they won Super Bowl XXVI, the Washington Redskins have mutated into the Deadskins. Things started going wrong after Joe Gibbs quit as coach, following the 1992 season. His successor, Richie Petitbon, took Gibbs's 9–7 team and created a 4–12 monstrosity. Exit Petitbon and enter Norv Turner, the creative force behind the Dallas Cowboy offense for three years and two Super Bowl wins, who lopped almost half of last year's players from the roster, including all three quarterbacks.

For Sunday's home opener with the Seattle Seahawks, Turner alternated San Diego Charger refugee John Friesz with $19.2 million rookie Heath Shuler. The former was inept (17 for 32, 210 yards and two interceptions), the latter inert (3 for 8, 14 yards). The Seahawks won in a 28–7 rout for coach Tom Flores's 100th victory as running back Chris Warren rushed for 100 yards and two touchdowns.

If Sunday was any indication, Turner could have a long wait for his first Redskin win. On Washington's opening drive Friesz found wideout Desmond Howard on a 27-yard slant-and-go for a short-lived 7–0 lead, but of the Skins' 11 subsequent possessions, seven ended with punts, two with interceptions, one with a missed field goal and one because the first half ended.

In rebuilding the Redskins, Turner surprised a lot of people by keeping Howard, the only wide receiver left from last year's team. Ever since Washington drafted Howard fourth overall in 1992, the Heisman Trophy winner from Michigan has been as invisible as he was after his catch against the Seahawks on Sunday. That TD reception was the first of his career, but other than that, Friesz and then Shuler failed to connect with Howard.

The Skins picked Howard because he was supposedly a playmaker with the ability to turn a quick hitch into a quick six. As a rookie stuck behind the Posse—veterans Art Monk, Ricky Sanders and Gary Clark—Howard played Possum and didn't make a reception until Week 11. He snared just three passes for 20 yards before he separated a shoulder in the season finale. Last season he was slowed by a groin injury for most of training camp, and by the time he was healthy again, Monk, Sanders and free-agent signee Tim McGee were entrenched in front of him.

Howard's end nearly came last November in Buffalo. With Washington behind but driving for a score, he ran the wrong route in the end zone, and a Bill defender picked off Mark Rypien's pass. Howard didn't start again for five games. Coaches questioned his dedication and grumbled that he coasted in practice.

Now Rypien and the Posse are gone, and Howard has another chance under a staff that in addition to Turner includes wide-receivers coach Terry Robiskie and quarterbacks coach Cam Cameron, Howard's onetime position coach at Michigan. Not one is older than 42. Says Howard, "There's more camaraderie between players and coaches. I don't know how old most of last year's coaches were. A century? A century and a half?"

Howard may be happier playing for youthful coaches, but on Sunday he was upstaged by one of the game's senior citizens: 12-year veteran Henry Ellard, a free-agent acquisition, who led the Redskins with seven catches, including the 600th of his career. Having outlasted the Posse, Howard may now have to prove himself against another old pro. "The jury's still out on Desmond," cracks Cameron. "I had him in college, and he won the Heisman. It's Robiskie's job to get him to the Pro Bowl." ■

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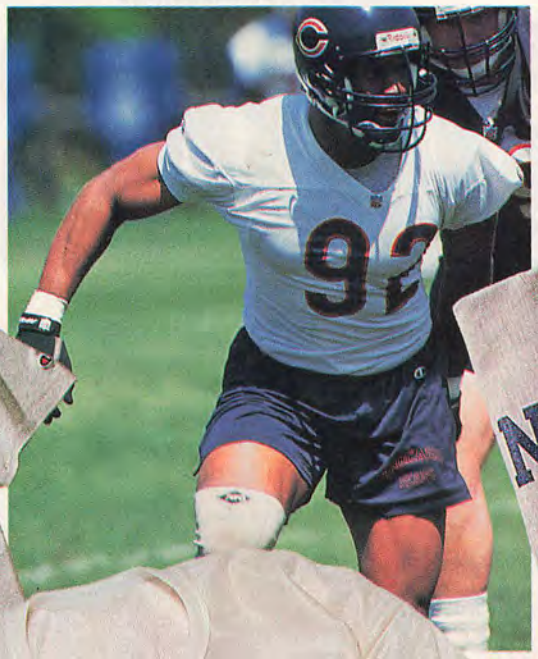

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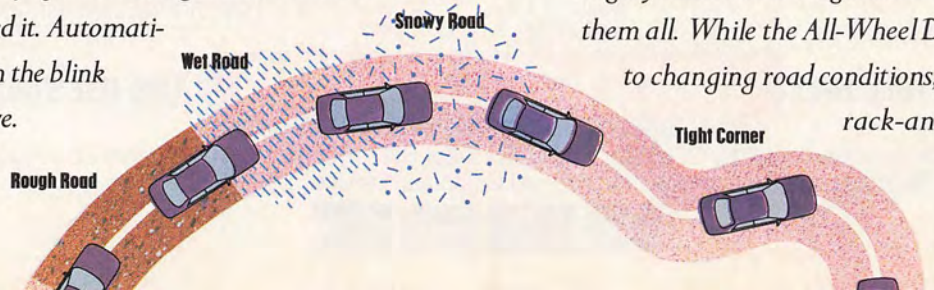

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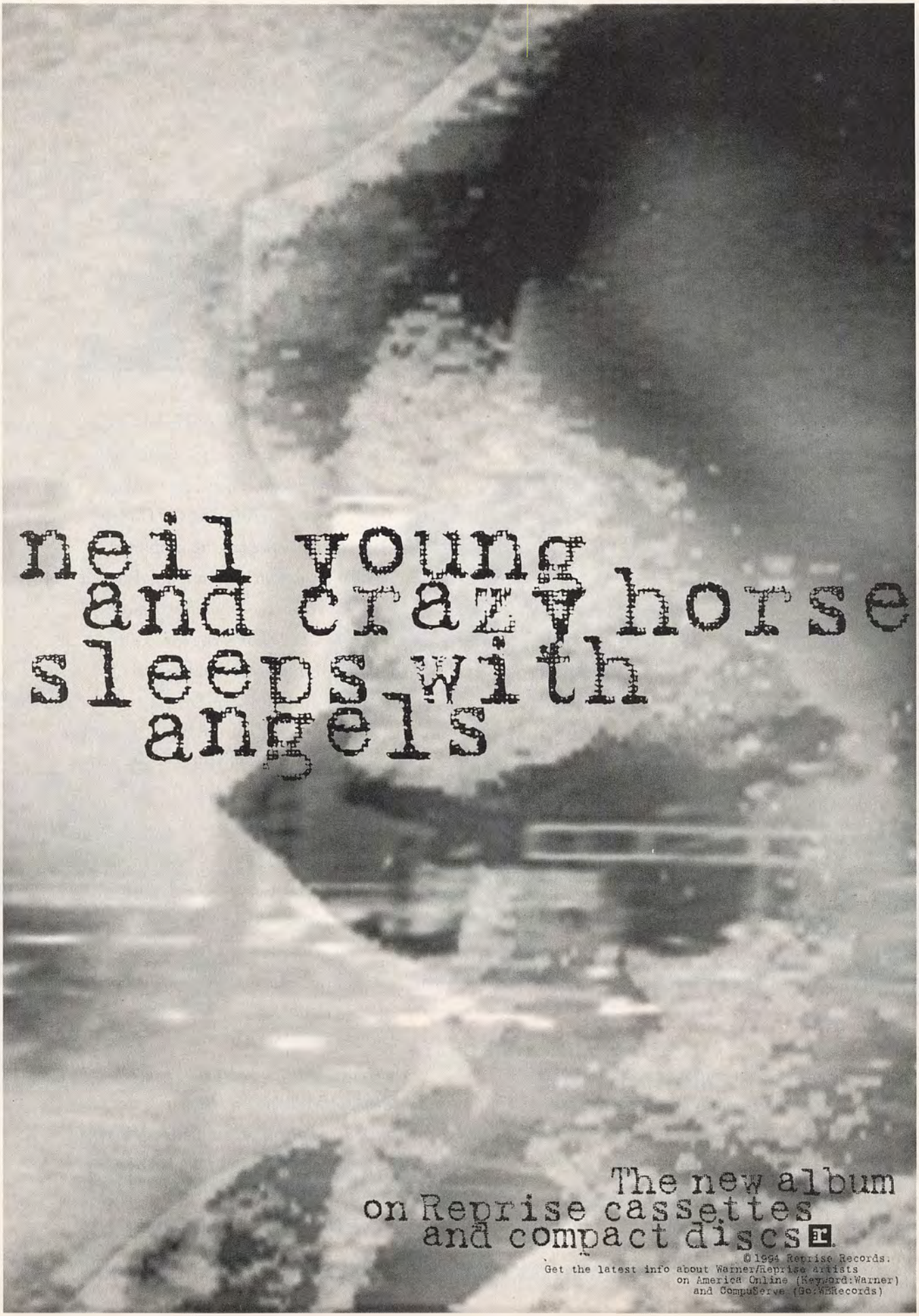
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High Note

Although he passed on singing, Giant Dave Brown was a showstopper in his first start • by Hank Hersch

FIRST THINGS first: He didn't sing this time. During his rookie season, in 1992, New York Giant quarterback Dave Brown jogged into a scoreless game to replace an ineffective Kent Graham with the ball on his own two-yard line. Trying to impress his teammates with a cool exterior, Brown entered the huddle warbling *2 Legit 2 Quit*, which had been playing on the public-address system during a timeout. Two plays later New York suffered a safety; on the next series Brown broke his thumb; the Phoenix Cardinals wound up romping 19–0. "I haven't done much singing since," Brown said early last week.

The pressure Brown faced on Sunday might have understandably had him belting out an aria. He was replacing 38-year-old Phil Simms at the helm of the Giants, his lifelong dream team. He was confronting the blitz-happy Philadelphia Eagles in an NFC East matchup of two teams loaded with question marks and aching to start well. Temptation beckoned further: Brown strode onto the Giants Stadium turf to the strains of *Devil with a Blue Dress On*, a favorite ditty at his alma mater, Duke. But instead of joining in, he kept his focus on the field and helped dispatch the Eagles 28–23 with all the assuredness of Pavarotti crooning in the shower. "Well," Brown admitted afterward, "I might have hummed a little."

Sunday will forever mark the official end of the Simms Era in New York, a time span that only *seemed* as long as the Paleozoic. Put it this way: When the 24-year-old Brown attended his first game as a Giant fan, when he was a third-grader in Westfield, N.J., Simms was a rookie starter out of Morehead State. Brown grew up imagining he would one day fade back for the Big Blue, standing tall, like Simms, while the pocket was imploding, and waiting until the last split second to find the secondary receiver as he absorbed the hit. Brown will eagerly point out that, also like Simms, he throws righthanded and writes lefthanded—a trait they both share with a less illustrious Giant quarterback of the early 1980s, Scott Brunner.

"This is something I've always wanted, something I've always looked forward to, being the Giants' quarterback," Brown said last week. "It's something I'm going to try to enjoy as much as I can."

If the lanky 6′ 5″, 225-pound Brown is to follow in Simms's footsteps—as opposed to, say, Brunner's—it will be largely because of Simms, whom he dials up for advice. After being taken in the first round of the 1992 supplemental draft, Brown spent two years behind Simms on the depth chart, his clipboard poised and his eyes wide open. He watched how Simms could shake off the adversity of being intercepted, how he gave free rein to his emotions and, especially, how he lifted weights five days a week to better endure the pounding. When Simms no longer fit into New York's plans or under its salary cap, Brown felt ready to step in despite having thrown only 17 passes in the NFL. "Phil was the ultimate when it came to preparing for the game," says Giant offensive coordinator George Henshaw. "Dave has that same self-confidence because he goes into a game knowing he's done everything he could do to get ready."

Brown beat out Graham for the starter's job in the preseason—and almost beat himself up in the process. Again, the Simms legacy loomed: Brown felt compelled to show his toughness by taking on tacklers after scrambling out of the pocket. Indeed, before the opener Brown seemed almost apologetic for what Eagle coach Rich Kotite had lauded as his "escapability." "I can scramble and do some different things, but I don't want to be mistaken for a guy who doesn't want to sit in the pocket," said Brown, who was 10 for 20 for 171 yards and a touchdown on Sunday. "I want to hang in as long as I can and deliver the ball, just like Phil did."

And just like Phil, Brown delivered something very important to Giant fans—a victory. ■

JOHN IACONO

Brown stayed in the pocket even when the Philly D loomed large.

The Bronco Busters

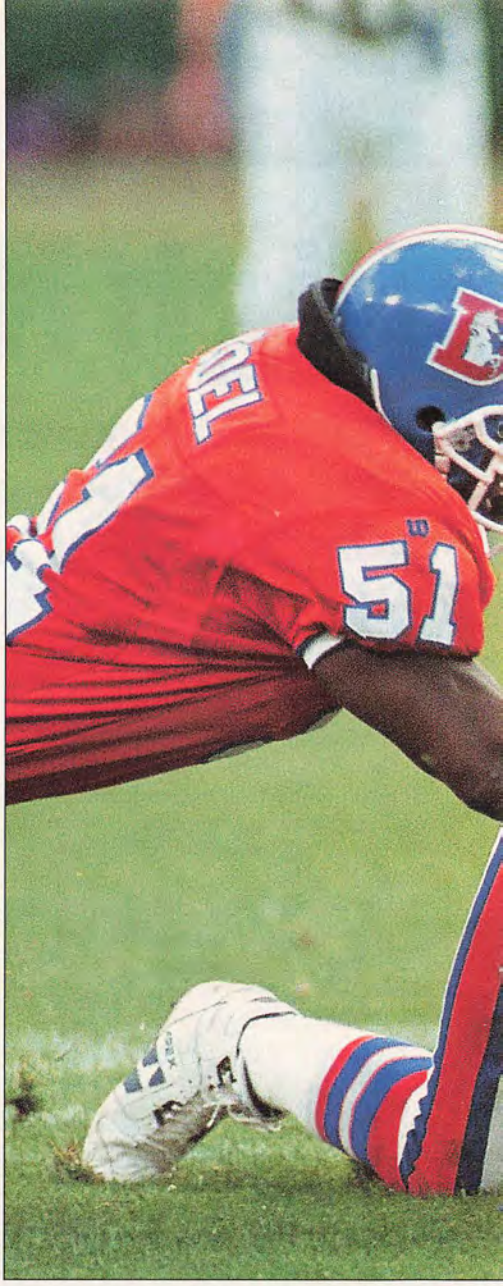
San Diego outlasted Denver, which was undone by a porous defense and some uncharacteristic lapses by John Elway • by Austin Murphy

YOU EXPECT a throw like this from George Plimpton. Or Garo Yepremian. You do not expect it from a future Hall of Fame quarterback whose name is synonymous with fourth-quarter comebacks.

With the ball on the San Diego Charger three-yard line, just 43 seconds left in regulation and the game in the balance Sunday night, Denver Bronco quarterback John Elway sprinted to his right, cocked his arm and . . . lost his grip on the ball, which traced a lazy parabola into the arms of San Diego Charger linebacker Junior Seau. The play was ruled a fumble, rather than another interception, of which Elway had already thrown two. But it was this final piece of slapstick that sealed San Diego's 37–34 win and spoiled the unveiling of the new and allegedly improved 1994-model Broncos.

The Denver brain trust had gambled in the off-season, loading up on expensive options for the team's souped-up offense. It added a pair of quicksilver wideouts in Anthony Miller, the former Charger who was signed as a free agent, and Mike Pritchard, who was picked up in a trade with Atlanta. A punishing inside runner, Leonard Russell, was also added as a free agent from the New England Patriots.

MARK REIS/GAZETTE TELEGRAPH/AP



RICHARD WACKSON

Rod Bernstine (33) lifted the Broncos, but in the end Means and the Chargers wore Denver down.

But the Broncos were less extravagant about upgrading their defense, which was in far greater need of maintenance. After all, Denver had the NFL's second-worst pass defense last season, when the Broncos went 9–7 before crapping out in the first round of the playoffs.

Sure enough, the Denver offense looked potent against the Chargers in the early going. The Broncos scored twice in their first nine plays from scrimmage and led 24–6 before the game was 19 minutes old. Then suddenly the Bronco defense couldn't stop anyone. The Chargers went 81 yards on four plays, culminating in a 47-yard TD pass from Stan Humphries to wideout Shawn Jefferson. Toasted on the play was Ray Crockett, one of two new cornerbacks the Broncos had imported in hopes of improving their pass defense. With the score 24–13 Humphries connected with wideout Mark Seay on a 29-yard scoring pass. No Bronco was within a pooch punt of Seay. You half expected the hospitable Denver defensive backs to come out for the next series with HI, MY NAME IS . . . stickers on their jerseys.

The script called for Elway to come charging to the rescue. Instead, after marching the Broncos 67 yards, he let go an ill-advised throw—"the stupidest I've made since my rookie season," he later estimated—that diving Charger free safety Stanley Richard intercepted at the one-yard line with 12 seconds left in the first half. Richard lay on the ground for an instant, seemingly at a loss for what to do next, before gaining his feet and sprinting 99 yards for the go-ahead score.

That electrifying play was in contrast to the winning touchdown, a ho-hum, one-yarder by Natrone Means, San Diego's Humvee of a running back, with 4:01 remaining. Means's TD capped an 89-yard, 19-play purgatory of a drive in which the Chargers converted five third downs.

For Bronco fans the loss was a painful demonstration that the Denver defense has, at best, remained in place since last year. Before the game Bronco safety Steve Atwater recalled the helplessness he felt in 1993: "Our offense was doing so great, and they'd come off the field, and we'd have this look on our face like, 'Man, I'm sorry, but we can't stop them.' I don't want to have that feeling anymore."

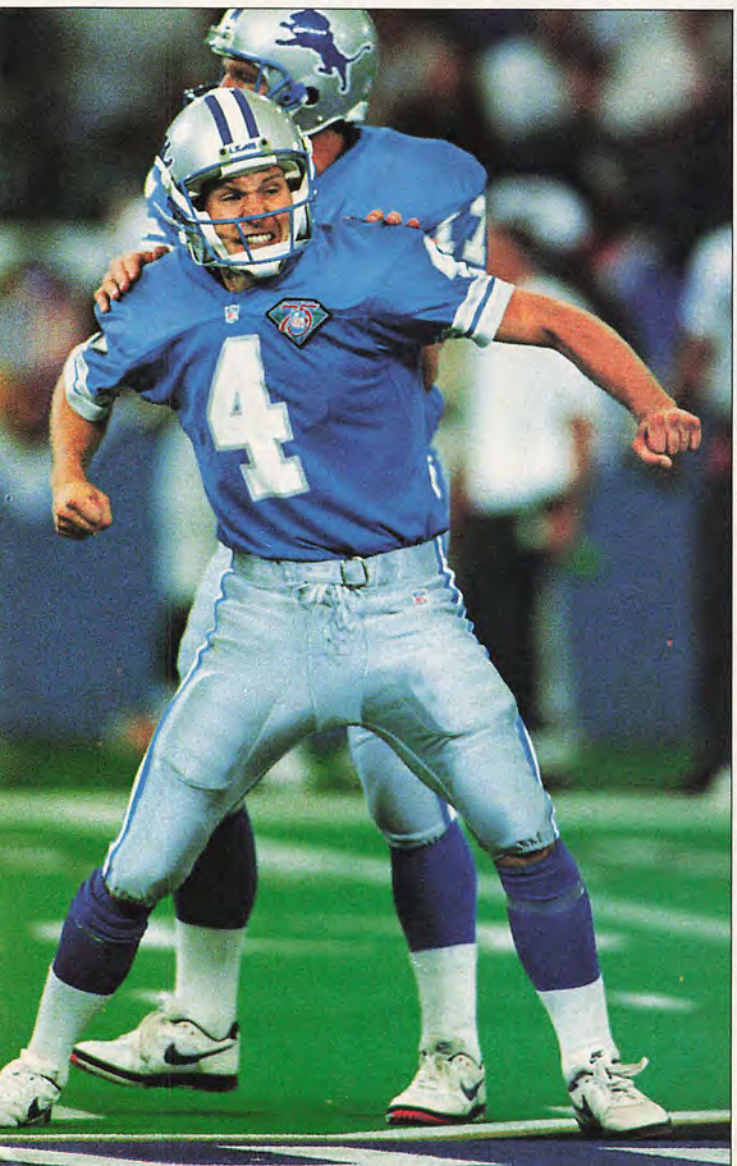
But Atwater & Co. will face offenses far more potent than the one that steamrollered them Sunday night, so the feeling figures to be back. ■

The Cats' Meow

With a timely tackle and two key kicks, Jason Hanson was the star of Detroit's win over Atlanta • by Bruce Newman

IT WASN'T the 37 yards between himself and the goalpost that worried Detroit Lion placekicker Jason Hanson as he tottered onto the field, his team tied 28–28 with the Atlanta Falcons in overtime on Sunday. It was the yard of gristle that was doing a fairly lame impersonation of his kicking leg. Just seconds before Hanson had been dispatched to the field by Detroit coach Wayne Fontes, he had tried kicking a ball the two or three feet into a practice net on the sideline and *missed*.

"I couldn't feel a thing," Hanson said later. "It was all a blur." He had developed a cramp in his leg shortly before the end of regulation play by performing that most unplacekickerlike act: tackling a runaway ballcarrier, Atlanta's Alton Montgomery, who was in the clear with 20 seconds left in the fourth quarter when Hanson brought him down on the Falcons' 44-yard line. "We decided to squib the kick," said Hanson. "We didn't want to give them a chance to return it. But when he turned up field, I was there and I had to hit him. I locked up the whole leg. It was so bad, I couldn't walk."



BRIAN MASCK

Hanson sent Lion spirits sky high with his game-winning boot in OT.

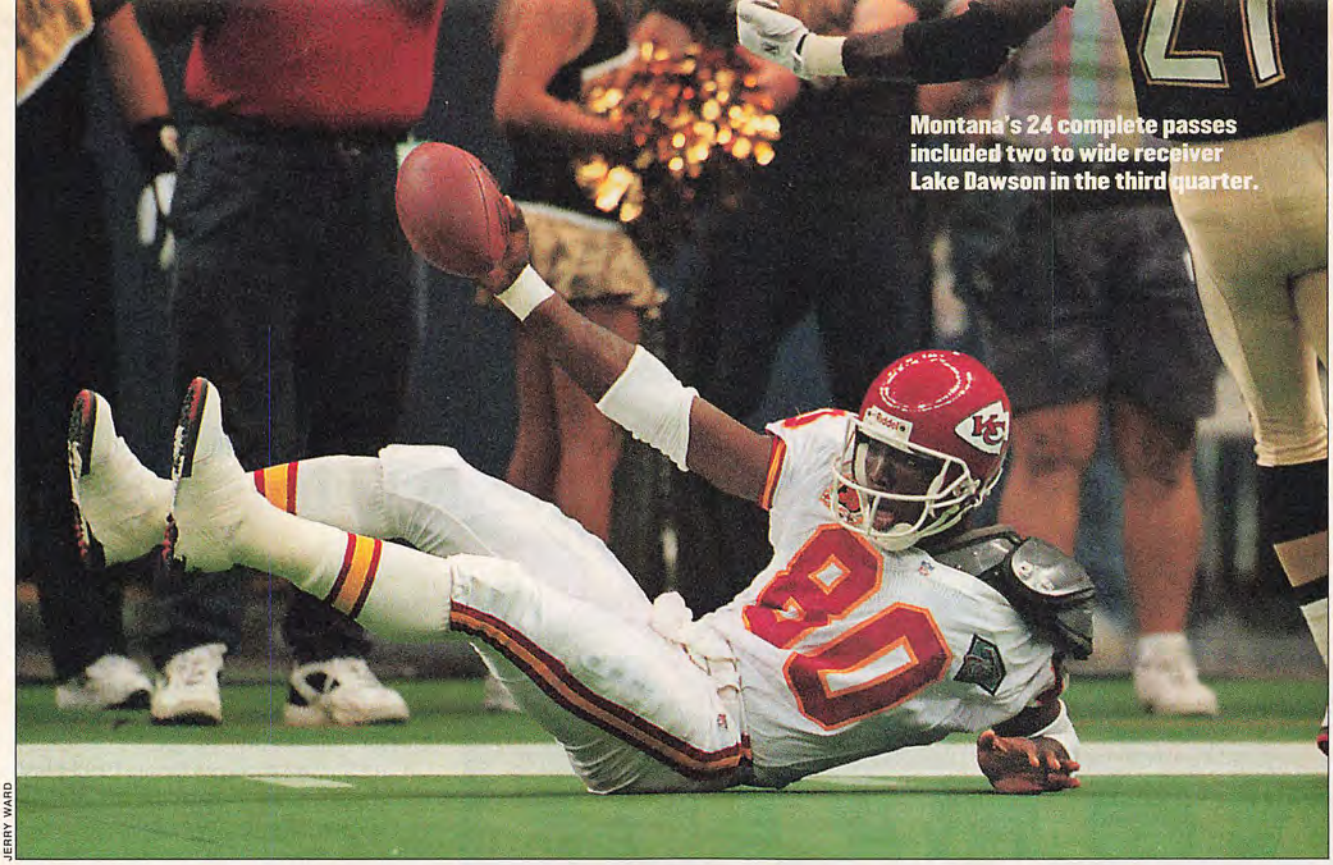
Nobody at the Pontiac Silverdome—least of all Hanson's own teammates—much cared if he could walk as long as he could kick. And kick he did, with enough distance to give the Lions a 31–28 win.

The Falcons, under new coach June Jones and behind new quarterback Jeff George, scored on each second-half possession until kicker Norm Johnson's attempt from 52 yards with one second left went wide. George was 19 of 21 in the second half, extending his streak of passes with no interceptions to 239. He hit Andre Rison for four completions in a drive that concluded with a 15-yard touchdown pass to Terance Mathis and a 28–21 lead with 3:57 remaining in the fourth quarter.

That left it to the Lions' new quarterback, Scott Mitchell, to engineer a drive, which he did splendidly, overcoming a fourth-and-one situation on the Falcons' 31-yard line with 54 seconds to play. Mitchell faked a handoff and hit tight end Rodney Holman for 16 yards and the first down. It was Holman's only catch of the day. Two plays later the Lions scored on a 15-yard pass from Mitchell to Anthony Carter, setting up Hanson's game-saving tackle and his winning kick.

What was pretty much overlooked in the Lions' euphoric locker room was that none of Hanson's heroics would have happened if Fontes had chosen not to send him in when Detroit trailed 28–27 and had instead gone for a two-point conversion that could have settled matters one way or another right there. "It never entered my mind," Fontes said of the two-point option. Hanson made that kick and ultimately made Fontes's day. ■

BRIAN MASCK



Montana's 24 complete passes included two to wide receiver Lake Dawson in the third quarter.

JERRY WARD

CHIEFS-SAINTS

Joe's Dome

Joe Montana ran his Superdome record to 10–0 with Kansas City's win in New Orleans • by Bruce Newman

THE LOUISIANA Superdome was a blight on the NFL landscape long before Joe Montana brought his big-sky game to the league, and the New Orleans Saints' ugly domicile figures to be standing long after Montana is gone. But Montana has made a monument to himself out of the edifice, running his record there to 10–0 on Sunday as he led the Kansas City Chiefs to a 30–17 victory over the Saints.

Montana had the 36th 300-yard passing day of his 16-year career and guided the Chiefs to scores on six of their first nine series. One of the nonscoring possessions came when Montana went to his knee to run out the clock at the half, and another ended with a missed field goal attempt. The Chiefs didn't have to punt until early in the fourth quarter. "The guy is unbelievable," said New Orleans defensive lineman Frank Warren. "He hasn't lost a thing. He comes here and waves his magic wand around, and we all fall down. It's unbelievable, except it keeps happening."

The first time the Chiefs had the ball they faced fourth-and-two at the Saints' 40 and elected to go for the first down. Kansas City coach Marty Schottenheimer had the 38-year-old Montana hand off to the other so-called Wheez Kid, 34-year-old running back Marcus Allen, who picked up 13 yards. "In that situation you don't think about plays," Schottenheimer said. "You think about players."

Allen gave everyone a lot to think about, finishing with 82 yards and a touchdown on 17 carries and nicely complementing Montana, who passed for 315 yards and two TDs while shredding a New Orleans defense that showed him 40 different looks, none of which gave him any trouble. He completed 24 of 33 attempts, was not intercepted and was sacked only once. "We couldn't stop the run, we couldn't stop the pass, we couldn't get off the field on third down," New Orleans coach Jim Mora said afterward.

The Saints made their own contributions to K.C.'s cause, trying seven players who were either first-time starters or playing new positions in the defensive secondary. Montana picked them apart with his quick passes. "The rhythm he had was unbelievable," said the Saints' 26-year-old free safety, Vince Buck. "He looked as good today as he did when I was a kid."

The Saints had chances but turned the ball over on three of their last five possessions, once when Kansas City defensive end Neil Smith picked off a pass by the Saints' new quarterback, Jim Everett, and returned it 41 yards to the Chiefs' 25 to set up K.C.'s last TD. Everett, who finished 26 of 37 for 326 yards and two scores, said he "felt comfortable" in his first start for the Saints. But compared with Montana, he looked far from home. ■

Easy Does It

Inspired by the relaxed approach of their new coach, the New York Jets beat the Buffalo Bills • by Tim Crothers

JOE TRAVER

Even while wearing a cast on his left wrist, Moore was the Jets' leading receiver in Carroll's first victory as head coach of the team.

THEY CALLED Pete Carroll's first New York Jet training camp the Good Ship Lollipop and, sure enough, everywhere you looked around the team's Long Island practice fields there were players picnicking, coaches shooting hoops and fans applauding blocking drills. "It's the stuff we're putting in the Gatorade," said Carroll, the Jets' rookie coach, behind an impish grin.

When his first-round draft pick, Aaron Glenn, fumbled three punts in the second preseason game, Carroll didn't holler at him, he *hugged* him, for cryin' out loud, and later said, "I guess we've got to catch a punt before we get to Buffalo." When his best receiver, Rob Moore, broke his left wrist in the same game, Carroll said, "I'm happy because it gives some younger guys a chance." Once he even scrapped a team meeting to take his players bowling.

The Gotham press dubbed his outfit Team Happy and mobilized to burst the bubble, opting for the surefire quarterback controversy, sacking Boomer Esiason in print and anointing journeyman Jack Trudeau the savior. After the final preseason game in Tampa one tabloid headline screamed BOOMER WHO? Carroll grinned and told the writers, "You're not bad people, you just have a bad job description." He did everything but bus tables . . . well, he did that, too.

Carroll, who replaced Bruce Coslet last January after four years as the Jets' defensive coordinator, explains his unique approach by saying, "I like to have fun, and if something's not fun, make it fun." It was a loose team that Carroll brought to Buffalo on Sunday, and that looseness showed as the Jets rubbed out the four-time defending AFC champs 23–3, giving New York only its second victory against the Bills in their last 14 meetings.

Carroll obviously didn't receive his coaching diploma from Lombardi College or Halas U. He considers himself a disciple of Bud Grant, whom he studied under when he was the Minnesota Viking secondary coach in 1985. While the ebullient Carroll will never be confused with the stoic Grant on the sidelines, Carroll watched Grant flee his Viking training camp now and again to go fishing and learned how to balance business with pleasure. Carroll never ditched his Jet campers, but he did toss a football around with his 15-year-old son, Brennan, after most practices, played three-on-three hoops with his assistant coaches and constantly dribbled a basketball up and down the hallways of the Jet headquarters between meetings. The team could have used his office for storage.

Carroll has always been like this. He likes to tell the story of the night when he was a backup quarterback for the Redwood (Calif.) High Giants and was sent in to run out the clock in the final minutes of a certain victory. His coach called a running play, but Carroll decided to spice things up by throwing a pass. He then threw another pass and another until he'd

driven his team deep into opposition territory. It turns out he called one pass too many because he tossed an interception in the end zone that was run back for a touchdown after Carroll, a starting defensive back, blew the tackle. Luckily for Carroll the Giants won the game anyway.

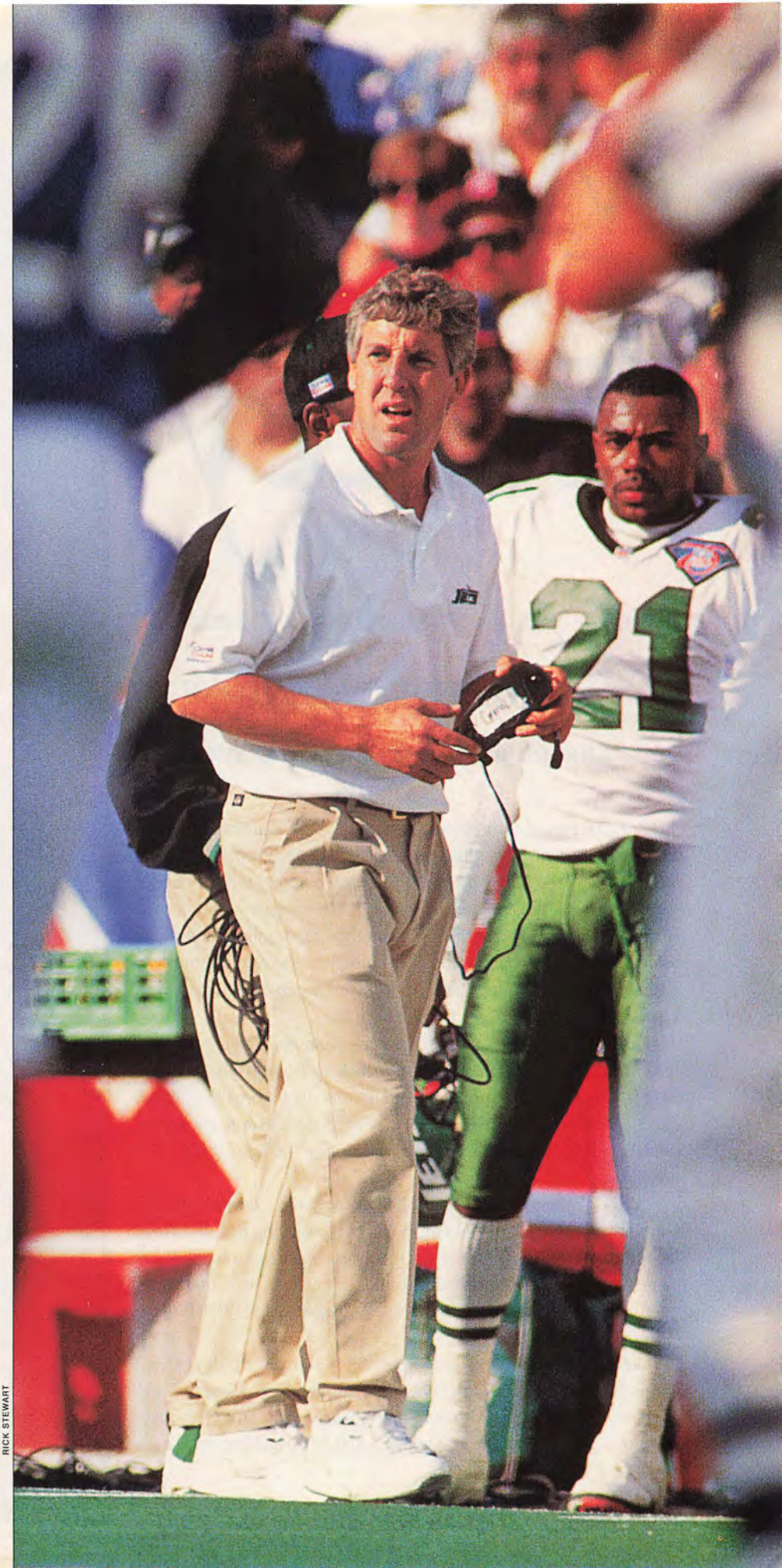
Maybe that was the night Carroll's aggressive coaching philosophy was born. His first job in the NFL was with Buffalo, where he was the defensive backs coach in 1984. Ten years later he returned to Rich Stadium for his first game as a head coach, and after 15 minutes he had to make a crucial call. As the second quarter began the Jets faced fourth-and-goal on the Bills' one-yard line. Carroll didn't hesitate. "It was an indication that Pete has great confidence in our offensive line and running backs, because if we don't make it, there's a momentum swing," Esiason said. "It was a gutsy call, but there was never any doubt in his mind."

Running back Richie Anderson jammed the ball past the goal line to give the Jets a 7–3 lead, and then Esiason, the target of the tabloids, took over. He finished 14 of 28 for 214 yards, including five completions to the quickly rehabilitated Moore. Esiason also made several important third-down conversions in the first half. Meanwhile, the Jet defense intercepted Jim Kelly twice and held Thurman Thomas to five yards rushing on seven carries. If truth be told, the Bills peaked when they won the coin toss.

In the Jet locker room afterward, Carroll struggled to contain his enthusiasm. "This is an excellent moment for us right now," he said. "We're trying to bury this Jet image that something bad is always going to happen to this team and we'll do that by winning games like this one."

Image is everything for Carroll. A month ago the Jets were grounded by bad weather in Detroit after a preseason game, and Carroll, everybody's favorite camp counselor, pointed the team bus toward a local T.G.I. Friday's for some munchies and beers. When the huge Jet contingent arrived, Carroll realized the restaurant staff was overburdened, so he began taking orders, dashing in and out of the kitchen, busing tables and passing out checks. "Nothing he does surprises me anymore," says Jet defensive end Jeff Lageman. "When I saw him serving food I just said, 'Hey, Pete, where's my fajitas?' "

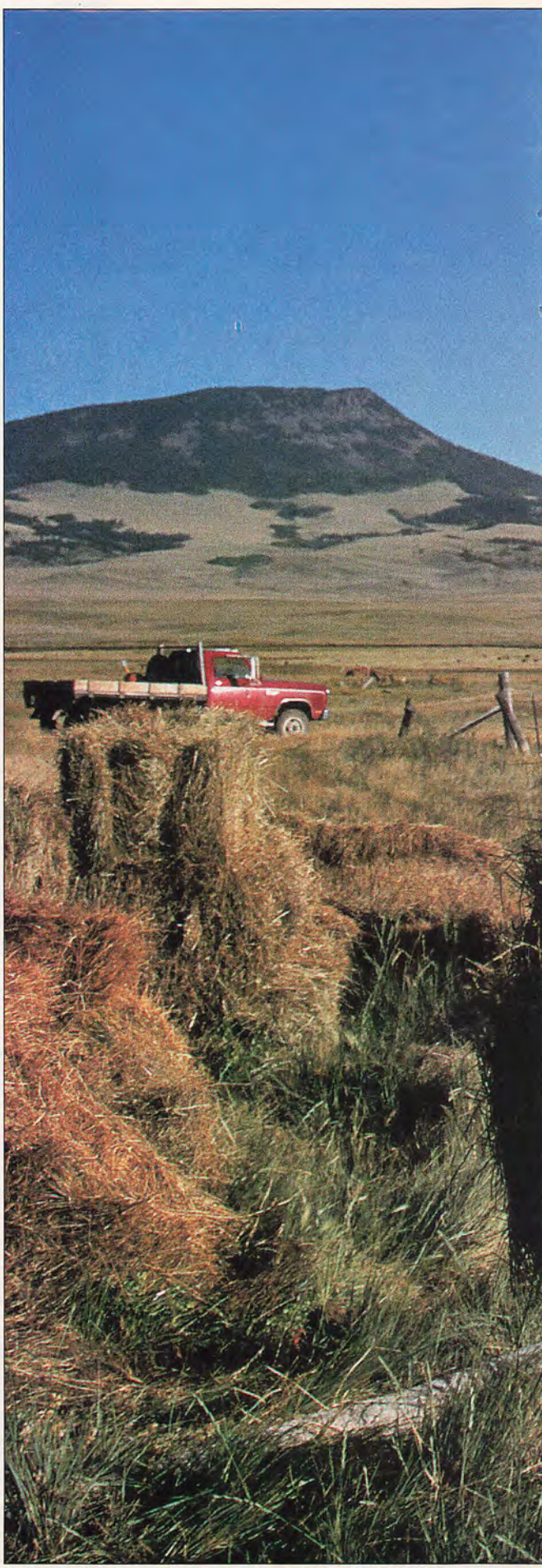
Hence, it was hardly shocking to anybody on Team Happy when they witnessed Pete Carroll on Sunday hugging every Jet in sight, having heaps of fun and taking care of some Bills. ■



RICK STEWART

Making Hay

Idled by yet another strike, 43-year-old Goose Gossage may have seen the sun set on his baseball career • by Tom Verducci



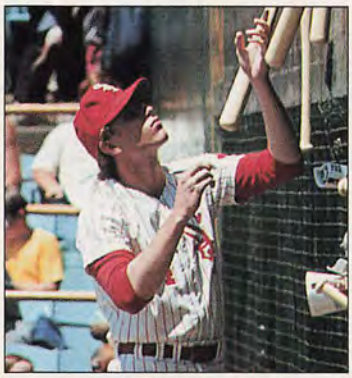
THE BUSHES need trimming. The barn out back is in need of repair. The green '57 Chevy, the first car he ever called his own, stands like some beleaguered sentry over the backyard, awaiting a fresh coat of paint before it becomes his eldest son's car. The carpet must be cleaned (thanks to the puppy) and the hay over at the cattle ranch needs to be baled, and surely he cannot forget his promise to take the three boys fishing. There is much for Rich (Goose) Gossage to do, and goodness knows he has the time to get around to all of it.

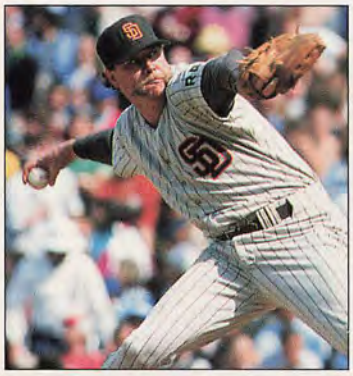
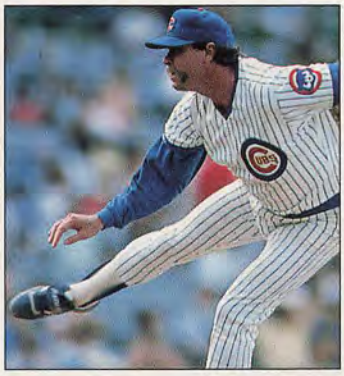
There is no ball game tonight, and there might never be another one for Gossage, who though seated on a chair in front of his Colorado Springs house, appears prepared should one, like a brushfire, break out. He is wearing a Seattle Mariner T-shirt, athletic shorts and shower sandals, just as he would in a clubhouse during the hours before the first pitch.

His world at this moment is absolutely quiet, with Cheyenne Mountain towering above him and not so much as a rustling leaf disturbing the afternoon stillness. Then, from some place high but unseen, softly comes a beautiful melodic ringing sound. It is coming from the mountain, from the Shrine of the Sun, a tower dedicated to Will Rogers. Gossage hears the bells.

"I know I could have thrown my last pitch and may never put on a uniform again," he says. "I'm O.K. with that. Don't get me wrong. I'm going to miss the game. For me it's been like going to Disneyland and riding the best ride in the whole place and never getting off. That's

Photographs by Ronald C. Modra



Gossage's career totals: nine teams and eight work stoppages in 22 major league seasons.

what I wish people understood. We're players. There's nothing we'd rather be doing than playing baseball right now."

Gossage is housebound because of a player strike that is now in its fourth week, with no sign that it will end anytime soon. On Aug. 15, three days after the start of the strike, he had taken one of his trucks to a service station to get a tire fixed. The attendant, recognizing the famous relief pitcher, harrumphed, "Well, I know whose side *I'm* on." Gossage thought to himself, *Do* you? But he decided not to say anything because most people never get beyond equating major leaguers with the ridiculous sums of money so many of them make.

Someday there will be baseball in major league cities again, and everything about the game will be back in its place: its perfect distance between the bases, its lovelorn fans in the stands and all of its confounding intricacies, which, like yesterday's crossword puzzle, turn up solved in the next morning's paper in the deceitful tidiness of the box score. There is no recovery, though, of a ballplayer's most precious commodity: time. It runs out especially quickly if you're a 43-year-old pitcher and four teams in the past five years have already decided you're finished.

Twenty-four years have passed since that day he ran home to the one-bedroom house on Beacon Street in Colorado Springs—the house so small that he slept in the same bedroom with his mother while his father slept at an aunt's house—flung open the door and announced, "Mom, I've got a job working as a counselor at the summer camp!" Mother

TOP ROW (FROM LEFT): HEINZ KLUETMEIER (2), PAUL KENNEDY; MIDDLE ROW: JACQUELINE DUVOISIN, BILL SMITH, OTTO GREULE JR./ALLSPORT; BOTTOM ROW: LONNIE MAJOR/ALLSPORT, JONATHAN DANIEL/ALLSPORT, JOE PICCIOLO

Goose had replied, "Son, you've got another job. There's a man here from the Chicago White Sox, and he says they've drafted you in the ninth round." So overwhelmed was the boy that he ran off alone into the mountains and cried.

Gazing now upon the same range of mountains, he knows that it might all be over, this heart-racing ride of a major league career that began before the designated hitter, before free agency and before Ken Griffey *Senior* reached the big leagues. No other active player—if that term may still be used—goes back that far, his career having spanned all of the game's eight work stoppages. He is the last dinosaur, and if given the choice, he would gladly take the game he entered in place of this business he is leaving.

"The innocence," he says, "is gone."

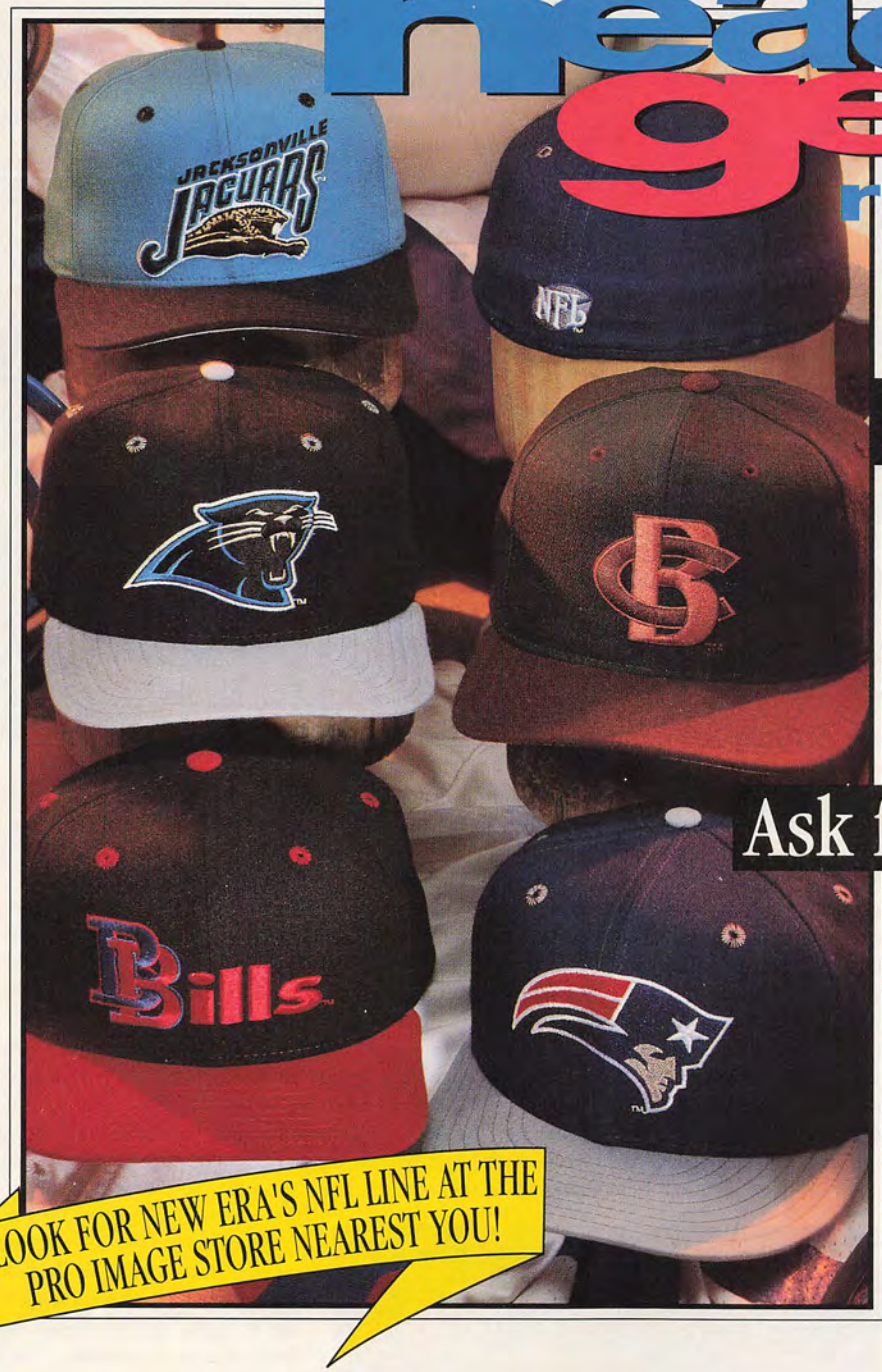
Is this how it ends for him? Silenced by a strike? How odd. Because this is exactly how it began.

It was April 1972, and Rich Gossage, a 20-year-old kid less than two years out of high school, stood alone on a Chicago street corner with $28 in his pocket and nowhere to go. Never before had he been in a city this big. He had made the White Sox after reporting to spring training as a nonroster player, and just when the season was about to begin, the players called the first strike in baseball history because of a dispute with the owners about the players' pension fund.

God, he thought, here I am on the club, and we're not playing. I'm being paid $12,500 to play this game. Hell, I'd pay *them* that much to play. I mean, if I had that much money. I don't understand this.

He walked the streets until darkness fell, and then, lacking the funds for a hotel room, he checked into a bar owned by Chicago Cub first baseman Joe Pepitone. Beer was his familiar companion—he always worked through many of them, quickly and easily, as if they were over-

Proper headgear© required



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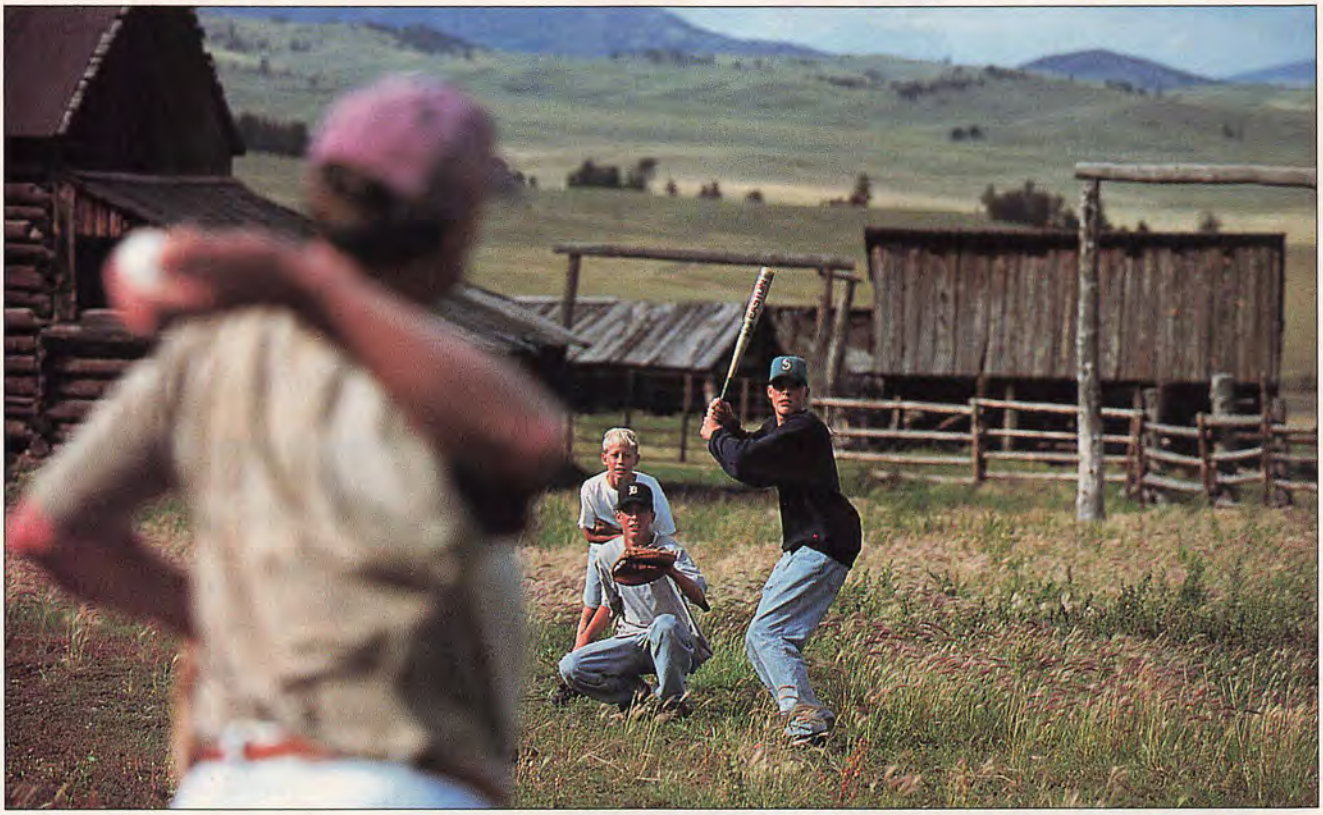


Goose tends to both his brood—Todd, with Jeff catching and Keith batting—and his herd.

matched hitters—until the bartender told him the place was closing and it was time to leave. It was four in the morning. Only a couple of hours more, he thought, and then the sun will be up.

And then two figures, having taken notice of a strapping young man out by himself at such an hour, approached him in the darkness of the street. Like to have a good time with us? they wondered. Jeez, these are *men*, he thought, and hurried off. He was scared and convinced he could not spend another night like this. When morning came, he telephoned his sister, Lavonne, in the Chicago suburb of Des Plaines. Of course, she told him, she had room for him.

He spent a few days with Lavonne until they decided he should go home to Colorado. They drove from Des Plaines to Colorado Springs, but when they arrived there, a day later, he found out that the strike was over. So they got back in the car the next morning, turned around and drove to Kansas City in time for Opening Day, April 15, at old Municipal Stadium. He made his big league debut the next night, throwing one shutout inning against the Royals in relief of Stan Bahnsen.

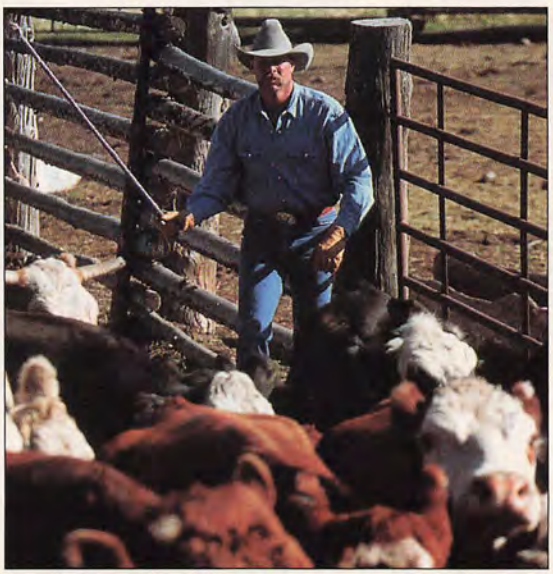
Gossage is the last active player left from that 1972 strike, which was so long ago that people like Luis Aparicio, Al Kaline and Willie Mays were on strike with him. He has, until now, always emerged the better from baseball's shutdowns.

You know that fight over the pension in '72? Now he is scheduled to receive $11,221 a month starting at age 62. Remember the lockout of '76, when the owners futilely tried to hold back the arrival of free agency? Less than two years later he parlayed free agency into a six-year, $2.75 million contract with the New York Yankees. And what about the 1981 strike, in which the owners (in vain, again) tried to attach a prohibitive compensation system to free agency? Gossage cashed in as a free agent less than three years after that, signing with the San Diego Padres for $6.25 million for five years.

"The union is stronger than it's ever been," he says. "These players understand what we've gained. Take a Barry Bonds, a Ken Griffey Jr., they saw their fathers go through it. It's like Ken Griffey Sr. told Junior when the strike began: 'Congratulations. You finally graduated.'

"Back then, in '72, we weren't sure. It was, God, we *hope* we're right. Now we *know* what we're doing is right. From every crisis I think you gain strength. The players aren't going to fold. The waters are charted now.

"The owners have never been up front with us. Attendance is up, new stadiums are being built, they want to expand—and this is supposed to be a business in trouble? If there are franchises in trouble in any other business, you move it. I played in Pittsburgh. I don't want to see that team move. But should the players be the ones to bail it



out? I just knew this strike was coming. The writing was on the wall."

However, if there is one thing about today's players that really rankles the Goose, it's that the game is overpopulated with brats who love what they can take from the game more than they love the game itself. "That's what has changed," he says. "Guys see the big dollar signs instead of letting the dollars take care of themselves and just going out and playing the game for fun. That's why I'm thankful I came along and played when I did, to have played in that era.

"Money has never been at the bottom line for me. The bottom line is, I got to play a game I love. Yeah, the innocence is gone. But then I see the innocence is gone out of Little League, so it figures. They stack teams in Little League! They put the best players on the same team, and they kick the —— out of everyone. It is gross!

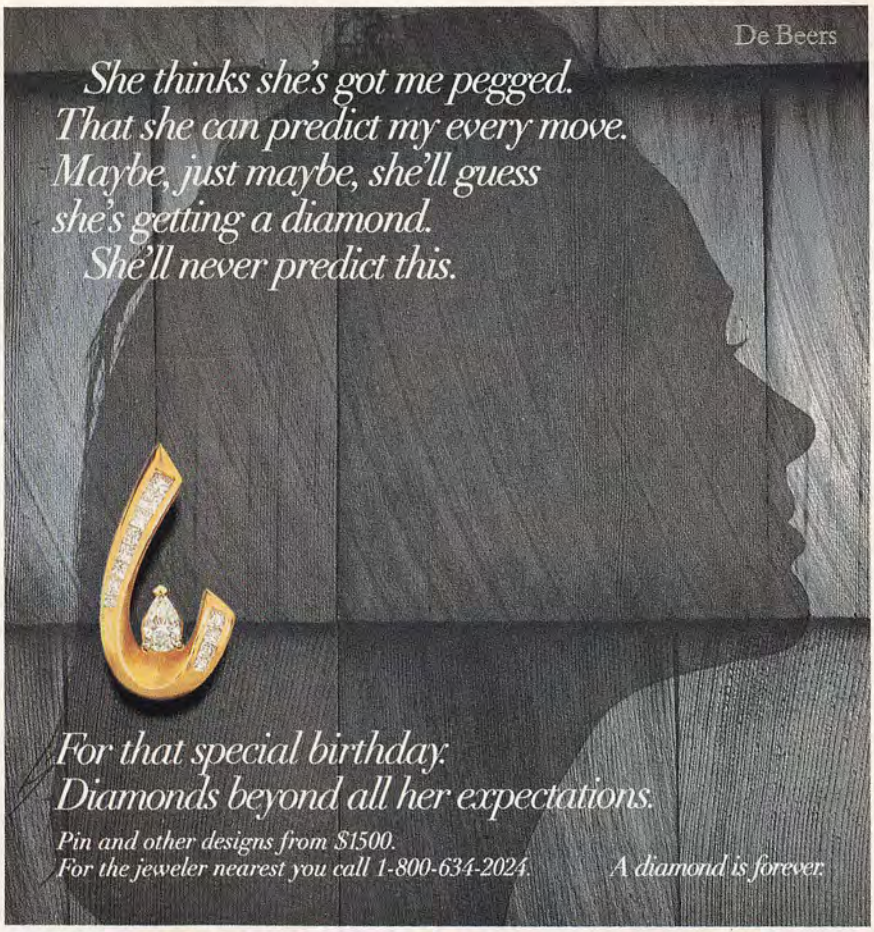
"Every parent thinks he's got a big league player out there in Little League," he goes on. "They don't see a kid playing baseball. They see dollar signs. I want to tell the parent, 'Hey, you're missing the —— boat!' I want to go up and slap the —— out of that parent and say, 'What are you doing?' "

Seattle manager Lou Piniella, who was playing for the Royals when Gossage made his big league debut and later played with him on the Yankees, brought his friend to the Mariners this season, at a salary of $200,000, to counsel a youthful bullpen. "And he's worked out great," Piniella says.

All Gossage asks of young players is that they respect the game. In spring training two years ago, while he was pitching for the Oakland A's, two minor league pitchers from the Cub organization, Lance Dickson and Turk Wendell, met up with him in a bar. They were thrilled to make his acquaintance and asked him for some advice. Gossage stared hard at them and boomed, "Don't you forget that you play the game from here [he pointed to his heart], not here [he pointed to his head] and not here [then he pointed to his wallet]. And the minute you forget that, get the hell out of *my* game."

Gossage was watching television one day when he came across an interview with Willie Nelson, one of his good friends. The interviewer asked Nelson how he would like to be remembered. "I guess," Nelson said simply, "that I gave them their money's worth."

Gossage jumped out of his chair. "God, Willie, that's it!" he shouted at the TV.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"That's the way I feel too," Gossage says now. "It just hit me then. Bam! Willie's such an unselfish person. I love the guy. For me it's always been the chance to go out there and turn people on. There's nothing greater. I mean, to go out there in a stadium packed with 50,000 people and just bring the house down. It's a turn-on. It's an adrenaline rush that no drug could ever give you.

"When I'm out there on the mound and I have a ball in my hands, something happens to me. I'm a different person. I'm like some animal. I don't know. It's scary. I swear, I scare myself sometimes. I can't believe it's me."

One day during the 1990 lockout Gossage was throwing batting practice to his son Keith, who was 10 at the time. Keith was having trouble hitting the outside pitch because he stepped away from the ball rather than toward it. "You're stepping in the bucket," Gossage hollered. "Let's work on it."

So Gossage tossed a pitch outside.

His days of toiling in the bullpen may be over, but there's plenty of work for Gossage on his ranch.

Keith stepped in the bucket and whiffed on it. Gossage tossed another pitch outside. Keith missed it again. He made no adjustment. This happened again and again and again—10 times in all—before that frightening alter ego overcame Gossage. And so the Goose, one of the most fearsome fastball pitchers of all time, wound up in that unmistakable chaotic motion of his, first showing his hulking back to the plate and then, in a sudden, violent windmill of arms and legs, unleashing something only slightly less than his most terrifying fastball at his fifth-grader.

"Something happened between winding up and letting it go," he recalls now. "It just happened."

He drilled his son. Nailed him flush on the left thigh, a direct hit that would turn the kid's leg "black, blue, green, purple, yellow—all the colors of those real nasty ones," Gossage says.

The boy hobbled to his feet. "Dad," he screamed, "you're an asshole!"

Keith laughs about it now, about how he could hardly walk for a couple of days. His father laughs too. "I used to joke about how I'd drill my own mother if she were up there," Goose says. "I guess maybe I would. I mean, I hit my own kid."

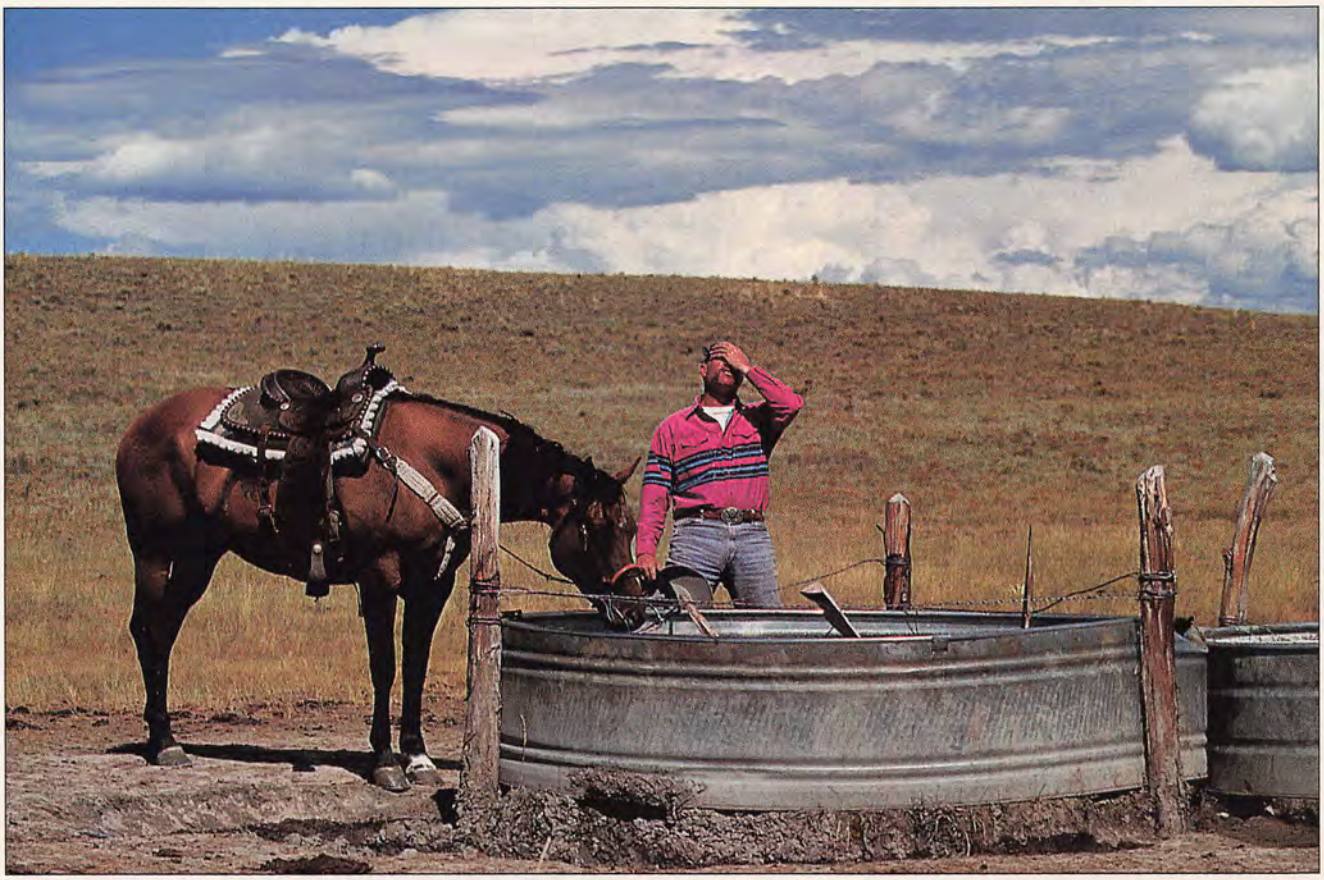
He was born to throw a baseball. Just before this season went dark, he became only the third pitcher in history to appear in 1,000 games. Four nights later he saved a win against Texas, the 310th save of his career. "He's a Hall of Famer," Piniella says. "The nicest guy in the world, but he still gets that mean look when I come out to the mound. He just wants the ball."

He has lasted this long, he says, because of genetics, good mechanics, dedication and mental toughness. "You've got to be a —— to last in this game," he says.

It helps, too, that two years ago his kinesiologist in Denver recommended that he quit drinking beer. "Yeah, right," he had said then. "Did my wife tell you to say that?" He hasn't had a drink since. When he goes to a bar with Piniella, he orders club soda. "I know for a fact it's kept me in the game," he says.

No one scored off him in his last eight appearances before the strike. Nothing but Goose eggs. He allowed only three hits over 10⅓ innings in those appearances. Since then he has done his only throwing on the front lawn of his house, every few days emptying a bag of baseballs into a net that's 60 feet, six inches away.

Who knows when the strike will be over? Maybe he gets to pitch again. Maybe he doesn't. Either way, he'll be ready. ■



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RICHARD MACKSON

Freshman Delon Washington may be third on the depth chart, but he was first-rate against the Huskies.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

The Trojans' Horses

For John Robinson and a resurgent Southern Cal, there's no substitute for a superstar tailback and a stellar running game • by Richard Hoffer

LAST JANUARY it was little more than a concourse of cracked concrete, a symbol of seismic devastation that jeopardized both the history and the hopes of a community. The Olympic torch had been tipped over. Columns were fractured. In the spring, months after the Northridge earthquake, if you had taken a seat in Row 79 of the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, you could have dropped the shells of your peanuts into a fissure that penetrated, according to one witness, "to the center of the earth."

Yet there the Coliseum was last Saturday, not quite spick-and-span, but certainly rescued. The grand peristyle had been rebuilt. Three-story video scoreboards flanked the torch—burning again—and seats were bolted back down. Anchoring piles driven 90 feet into the earth secured the stadium, and arches filled with reinforcing material held everybody at a comfortably constant elevation. It took only $60 million and, in the last three months of an eight-month repair job, 1,300 workers laboring in three shifts a day to restore the stadium in time for the college and NFL seasons. It took only a miracle.

Happily for Los Angeles, one of the Coliseum's principal tenants also seems renewed, entirely reengineered and once again safe to enjoy. Rebuilding Southern Cal football has taken a similarly rushed and committed effort. At this point the team needs more finishing touches than does the 71-year-old Coliseum, but after a 24–17 victory over Washington, the Trojans at least seem to be on the same sure footing as the stadium.

Working in a facility that some of the Trojans had helped refurbish in their offseason, USC finally recalled some of the glamour that it and the Coliseum once stood for. True, USC wouldn't have won if the Huskies hadn't turned the ball over five times. Also, if you're handicapping the Heisman Trophy race, give Washington's Napoleon Kaufman (152 yards rushing, 244 all-purpose) a leg up over USC quarterback Rob Johnson (18-23-1, 129 yards and a touchdown) after Saturday's game. This little comeback might fall short of a national championship, but the style of this Southern Cal team harks back to another era—preearthquake, premediocrity. Like the Coliseum, it seems reassuringly sturdy, meant for something grander than the Freedom Bowl.

Coach John Robinson, in his second year of his second regime with USC, has been trying to return the Trojans to a glory they last enjoyed under him, from 1976 to 1982, when they won three Rose Bowls and one national title. Now 59, he has gone about it pretty much the way he did the first time. He insists on a running

game, the kind that has peopled Heritage Hall with a gallery of Heisman Trophy winners but which now strikes some as impossibly old-fashioned. Even Stanford coach Bill Walsh, a good friend of Robinson's, has called USC "Yesterday U."

But what if Robinson's way still works? Although he has a gifted quarterback in Johnson, who stands to break all USC passing records and go in the first round of the NFL draft, Robinson stubbornly insists that the team will be carried by its running game. To that end he has nourished a massive offensive line that averages 290 pounds a man. He has encouraged the development of offensive muscle, standout tackle Tony Boselli, returning from summer vacation with the ability to lift the Coliseum back onto its moorings. And he has recruited with an eye toward that elusive standard of Trojan excellence—the tailback who routinely gains 100 yards a game in that Neanderthal offensive ploy "student body right."

Certainly the current team is more like a John Robinson team—"Big," he says, laughing—than the squad last year, when Johnson passed for 3,630 yards and only one of the tailbacks gained more than 100 yards in a game. Knowing he needed to back up the serviceable Shawn Walters at that position, Robinson put the rush on two prized high school All-Americas and a junior college star. Robinson realizes the days are long gone when a recruit could be paraded through Heritage Hall and allowed to notice that dust had gathered on the trophies. Four years ago Kaufman was lost to USC on just such a visit when, marched past the Heisman displays, he was forced to consider the recent lack of excellence at his position. Says Kaufman, "It was like the past three or four years they hadn't had one running back who started the whole time who was the Man."

Walters got clear for two touchdowns, but he could be caught by USC underclassmen.

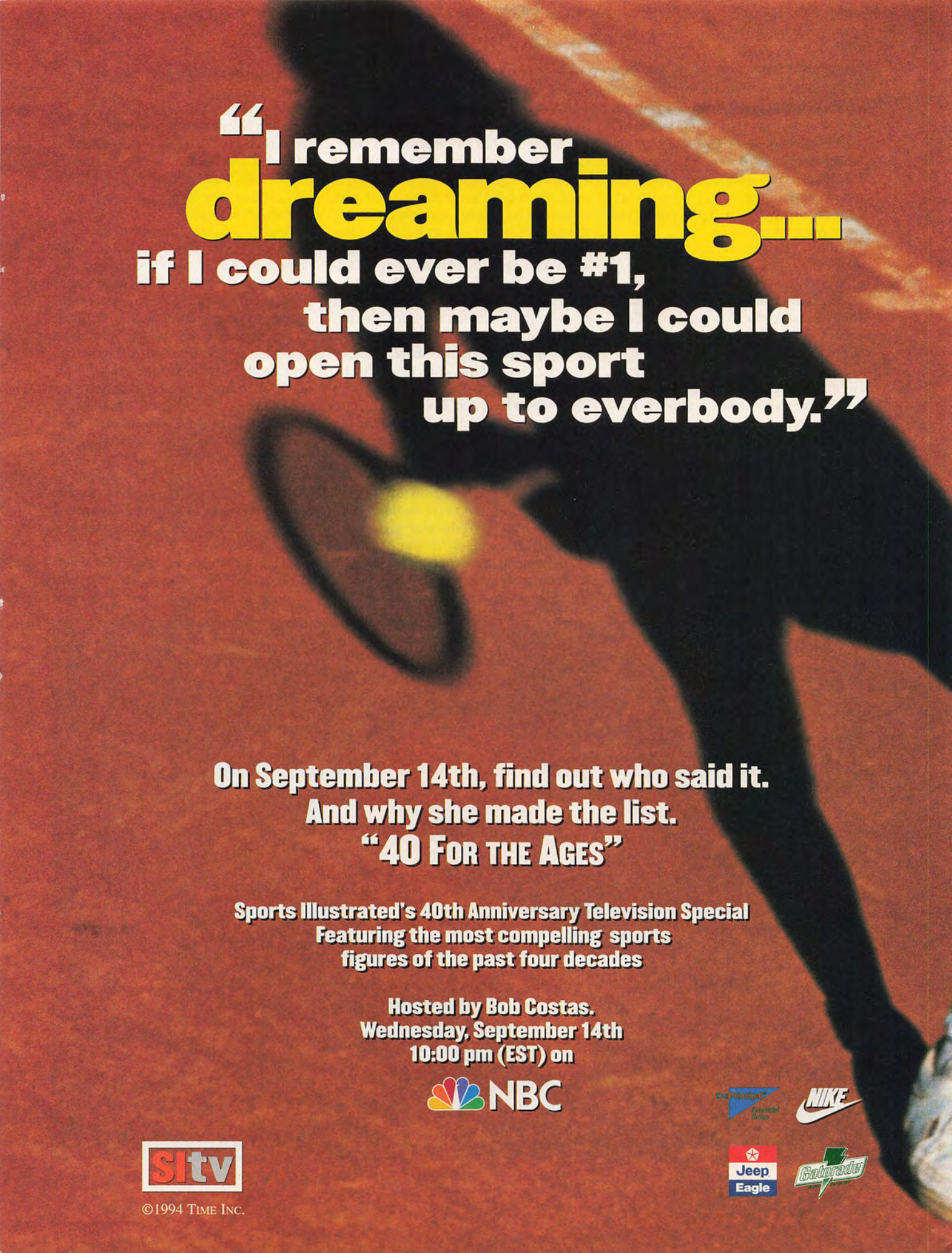
PETER READ MILLER

Saturday it was Kaufman who was the Man, albeit for Washington. To build up his senior star's chances in the Heisman race and in the NFL, which looks askance at athletes as small as Kaufman (5′ 9″, 180 pounds), coach Jim Lambright has loyally promised to put the ball into his hands 30 to 35 times a game. Still, with everyone in the Coliseum knowing exactly what was coming, Kaufman gained 152 yards on 26 carries, caught three passes for 34 and ran back two kickoffs for 58 yards.

A perfect reminder of how he might have fit in at Yester . . . uh . . . Tailback U, which is precisely what Robinson is rebuilding, and everybody knows it. It was no secret that USC had better receivers than tailbacks last year and that the passing game, however spectacular at times, was strictly a fallback position. "And this year," said Johnson, almost sadly, "the line is so much bigger and stronger."

Boselli, who at 305 pounds is the best on the line, noticed as well. The tailback prospects that Robinson brought in were giving the offense a new look. Without disparaging Walters, who did after all gain 91 yards and score two TDs against the Huskies, Boselli points out that "we've got guys now where, I might miss my block, and they're still by my man. They open your eyes."

Besides noticing *how* Rob-



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inson wanted things done, Boselli noticed *when* Robinson wanted them: real soon. Boselli watched, surprised, as Robinson gathered bunches of junior college kids. "I remember only one JC player being recruited in my time here," Boselli said. "Now the message is, we're recruiting the best players, period."

Besides Leonard Green, a JC All-America at tailback, Robinson signed up impact transfers like Errick Herrin, an inside linebacker who served not only at Mount San Jacinto Community College but also in Desert Storm. He was a four-year marine. Then Robinson got outside linebacker Israel Ifeanyi out of Nigeria by way of Orange Coast Community College. Both players served honorably Saturday, Ifeanyi getting a sack in his first Pac-10 game.

And yet the most intriguing athlete on the field was a freshman tailback who may be no more than third or fourth on the USC depth chart. With Green out with a hamstring pull, the call to back up Walters went to Delon Washington. It might just as well have gone to Rodney Sermons, another freshman of outstanding credentials. It simply didn't.

Washington has an otherworldly story. He was groomed for greatness by his brother Benny, who was too small to consider the college game himself but who undertook to manage his younger brother's nascent career. All along, Benny was promoting USC as a destination, so when he was killed in a drive-by shooting in Dallas last January, Delon immediately decided on USC. A sad story made inspiring when, midway through the third quarter, with his team trailing the Huskies 17–10, Delon Washington took over the game. In the drive that tied the score, he ran for 12, 9 and 34 yards to set up Walters, who stood up a safety and knocked him into the end zone. Altogether, Washington ran 10 times for 110 yards. USC fans remembered Mike Garrett, O.J. Simpson, Charles White and Marcus Allen. Washington just remembered his brother. "I pictured him in the crowd, saying, Go inside, go outside," Washington said.

Clearly, Washington has more than the acceleration of the archetypal tailback; he has the charisma as well. He was no more intimidated by the press of media after the game than by the Husky line. He talked easily of his day—spent in front of 54,538 strangers and one friendly ghost—and even referred to his offensive line in terms that were less than considerate (the tailback's prerogative). "They made big holes," he admitted, "but, really, I thought they'd be bigger, them being 300 pounds." Freshmen.

Delon Washington was impressive, but it's hard to think of USC football as a complete piece of work, as its Coliseum now is. "We're a million miles away from where we want to be," Robinson said afterward. As far as Washington was concerned, though, Robinson admitted he had almost called him Robert Redford on the sideline because the freshman reminded him of the Roy Hobbs character that Redford portrayed in *The Natural*. Then again, Robinson cautioned, nobody had seen USC's other freshman. "Sermons will play," he promised. "There's no star of destiny hanging over Delon Washington."

But it isn't hopeless, is it? The rebuilding needn't take so long if everybody is committed. Throw three shifts on the job, see what happens.

Robinson paused to consider. "Delon Washington," he said finally. "He did look hard to tackle, didn't he?" ■

Even the USC defense played a ground game, occasionally on Husky quarterback Damon Huard.

RICHARD MACKSON

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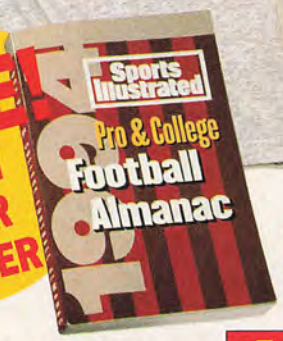

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INSIDE College Football

by JOHN WALTERS

Cast Change

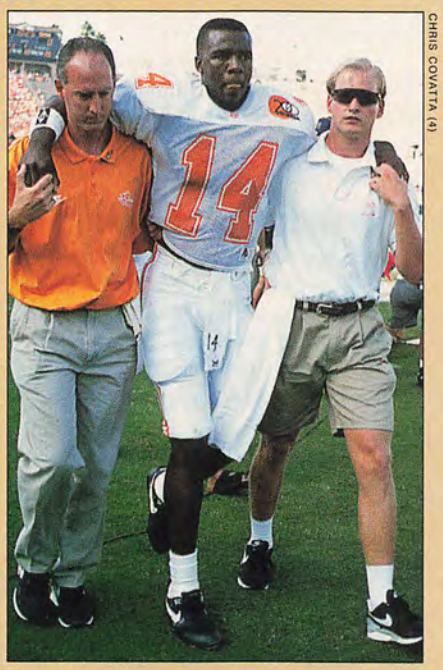
TINSELTOWN HAS always been a place that embraces a good melodrama, and so it is fitting that the quarterback saga of Tennessee was played out last Saturday at the Rose Bowl during a 25–23 loss to UCLA. With the Vols' big star of recent years, Heath Shuler, gone to the NFL, the team came into its season opener intent on establishing once and for all who its new leading man was—but left with a handful of stand-ins chewing the scenery.

The plot thickened 3½ minutes into the game, when starting quarterback Jerry Colquitt tore ligaments in his left knee, putting him out for perhaps the rest of the season. Colquitt, a fifth-year senior, had served patiently as Shuler's understudy for the last two seasons and had won the starting job with a stellar preseason. With Colquitt down, junior Todd Helton came on in relief, a familiar role for the fireballing closer on the school's baseball team. Still, Helton said after the game, "being thrown in there like that was a little more than I bargained for." He looked ragged running three fruitless series and was replaced by ballyhooed freshman Peyton Manning late in the second quarter.

This was a bold casting choice by coach Phillip Fulmer, as he has taken great pains to lower expectations for Manning and for the Vols' other prized freshman quarterback, Branndon Stewart. After three handoffs and a punt, Manning was back on the bench, but his cameo was important to him nonetheless. "I was happy they put me in after Helton," Manning said. "That meant a lot to me, that they now consider me the Number 2 guy."

Well, just who the No. 2 guy is depends on which superfreshman you ask. "It's not *when* you play, it's *how*," said Stewart, who played well during his one stint, in the third quarter. He led a 13-play drive that featured a pair of laserlike throws for first downs, but the Vols came up empty when Todd Becksvoort missed a 48-yard field goal.

Helton returned to play the entire fourth quarter, displaying some true grit and athleticism in leading Tennessee to three touchdowns. Fulmer later declared that Helton would "absolutely" be the starter for this week's game against Georgia, hoping to stifle the swirling talk of a quarterback controversy. But in what sounds suspiciously like a scripted stab at



CHRIS COVATTA (4)

After Colquitt (14) made his exit, Helton (2), Manning (16) and Stewart (6) took the stage.

suspense, Fulmer added, "There are a number of scenarios that can play themselves out this week. We'll just have to wait and see what happens."

Stay tuned. —ALAN SHIPNUCK

Fashioned by Amani

Tyrone Wheatley squeezed out one broad smile as he walked off the field on Saturday at Michigan Stadium after the Wolverines' 34–26 victory over Boston College, his right arm strapped to his chest to aid the healing of his dislocated shoulder. "I'm glad someone else got the chance to play against that Boston College defense instead of me," said Wheatley.

The Eagles, sensing a weakness in Michigan's strong ground game with Wheatley absent, committed their defense to stuffing the run. For a half it worked, as they held the Wolverines to just 45 yards on 17 carries. But in taking away the run, BC gave up the pass. Twice, Michigan junior wideout Amani Toomer roamed into the zone vacated by the Eagles' run-conscious linebackers, caught short curls from quarterback Todd Collins and turned them into long touchdowns. On the day, Toomer caught seven passes for 179 yards. Said Toomer after the game, "The way they were trying to take away the run—our entire receiving corps took that as an insult."

JOHN BIEVER (2)

With Wheatley (left) sidelined, Toomer stepped forward and put the hurt on Boston College.

No one can ever say that Toomer, a high school All-America from Berkeley, Calif., doesn't understand how the game of football is to be played. His father, Donald, was a referee in the Pac-10 in the mid-'80s. Amani and his older brother, Donald Jr., now a cornerback at Utah State, used to go with him to games he was officiating. Says Amani, "We'd watch Dad instead of the players."

His father named him Amani Askari Toomer, which in Swahili means Peace Warrior. While he showed the BC defense his warrior qualities, he gave them little peace. —TIM LAYDEN

Still Going . . .

"I love the place! Love it!" says Miami coach Dennis Erickson. "I mean, granted, other teams complain about the visitors' bathroom, but I never have to use it."

The Orange Bowl has been distressing to visitors for a while now. On Saturday it became the site of the longest home winning streak (58 games) in college football history as Miami routed Georgia Southern 56–0. Win number 58 resembled many of the preceding 57: The Hurricanes won a laugher (only eight victims have come within 10 points) by dominating on defense (on average, one of every four games has been a shutout).

More notes on the Streak:

- One member of the Hurricanes' record-setting team has been on the other side of the Streak too. Before transferring to Miami, cornerback Chad Wilson was on the Long Beach State team that Miami beat 55–0 in '91.
- Only 10 of the games have been sellouts.
- Georgia Southern knows a thing about home winning streaks itself: The Eagles hold the Division I-AA record of 38, set from 1985 to 1990.

This Saturday, Miami visits Arizona State, where the Hurricanes will be seeking to *end* a streak: They've lost their last three games at Sun Devil Stadium.

Players of the Week

Offense

Grambling State junior Kendrick Nord completed 17 of 33 passes for 485 yards and seven TDs in a 62–56 win over Alcorn State. The teams had 1,318 yards in total offense.

Defense

Kentucky's Donte Key, a junior linebacker, caused a fumble that led to a touchdown, and intercepted a pass with 19 seconds left to clinch the Wildcats' 20–14 victory over Louisville.

Small Schools

Safety Chris Banks, a senior at Bowie (Md.) State, had three interceptions as the Bulldogs defeated Elizabeth City (N.C.) State 13–0 in a Division II game.

TOM JACKSON ON GUN CONTROL:

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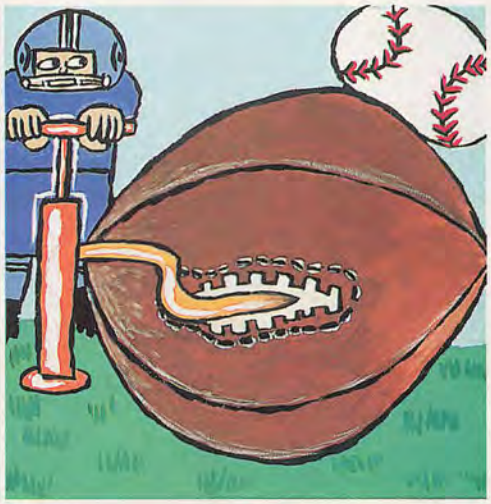
The Big Strikeout

The baseball season is ruined, and with football upon us, who cares?

by Steve Rushin



EVANGELOS VIGLIS

IN 1973 doctors at Johns Hopkins performed the first successful sense-of-humorectomy, on a man named Donald M. Fehr. Two years later a Hopkins patient named Richard J. Ravitch had his personality removed by a pioneering team of microsurgeons. To this day both men courageously await charisma donors. Who says there are no sympathetic characters, no people to root for, in this baseball strike?

Fehr is the head of the baseball players' union, the "labor" chief who portrays the strike as a kind of peasant uprising, ignoring the fact that not a single member of his flock would know Che Guevara from Shea Stadium. Ravitch, the owners' representative, does not actually exist but is merely an animated character drawn by Jerry Reinsdorf and voiced by Bud Selig. You may have seen him in *Who Framed Richard Ravitch?*

The last strike negotiation took place on Aug. 25, and as of Sunday no new meetings had been scheduled to resolve the tired, boring, appalling dispute, now in its fourth week. Instead of repairing to the bargaining table in the hotel conference room, Fehr, for one, is said to be barricaded in his suite upstairs, insisting to housekeepers that he'll never—under any circumstances, so help him—accept their cynical offer of a shower cap.

And yet if the strike is somehow magically resolved this week, it is baseball's intention to finish the season. Never mind that John Kruk may have fallen out of game shape at this point. Or that Cecil Fielder is under scaffolding that might take months to remove. Baseball's "guardians" do not care. Their "thinking" goes like this: The World Series has been played 89 consecutive times. It is a sacrosanct "tradition," and so it is better to invite wild-card teams to a six-division playoff, which could result in some winded Montreal Expos playing some flatulent Texas Rangers during the World Series, than to altogether skip the "Fall Classic."

Which brings me to the point of this POINT AFTER. (Thank you for waiting.) Gentlemen: Your season is *already* finished, whether you choose to resume it or not. It's over before it's over. It got late early. Stick a fork in your forkballs. Football has already taken your place in the national consciousness. Check out the cover and contents of this very magazine if you don't believe me. Could my editors possibly be wrong?

And not just football, but *professional* football. The NFL. Yes, the No Fun League now seems a relatively cheery and cheeky alternative to the No League League, with the latter's unspeakable bipartisan greed. Just last year SI asked on its cover, CAN THE NFL BE SAVED? I hate to placekick a game when it's down, but today that question is far more appropriate to baseball.

Suddenly, football is baseball's happy converse. Baseball bickers over a salary cap? Football has a more or less workable new one. Baseball has a bum TV contract? Football has a lucrative new one. And if football, too, is infected by unspeakable bipartisan greed, at least it has not yet reached the Biblical proportions found in baseball. NFL players make do on a billion dollars a year, dammit, and compared with their brethren in baseball, this seems downright Calvinistic. Ohbytheway: The NFL actually . . . plays its games, yet another reason to watch.

Of course, pro football is not the only alternative during this strike. There is college football. There is Australian Rules football. There is fantasy football. If those options fail to excite you, follow these simple instructions: Remove the remote control from your hand (try paint remover and a putty knife; it should come right out) and take those first experimental steps into the world beyond your welcome mat. Why should *you* sit home during the strike? Baseball players don't.

If it seems we are witnessing the irreversible decline and fall of a once imperial institution, that is because we are. As PBS prepares to air Ken Burns's 18½-hour retrospective on baseball, one can't help but think of Burns as baseball's Edward Gibbon—and of baseball as being akin to the Roman Empire in its final days.

The wheezy talk-radio rhetoric is that fans are the real losers in this strike. But it just may be that baseball—players and owners, Fehr and Ravitch—are in fact the real losers that they appear to be, and that fans are now free to rediscover pro football, which last looked fresh when Broncos were neither Fords nor Denverites but first names, spelled with a *k*.

Expressed in the box-score shorthand understood by both players and owners, the strike result might read like this:

Fans, W (1–889)
Baseball, L (0–1)
Football, S (1)

Or put yet another way that baseball people will understand: *Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack?/I don't care if you never come back.* ■

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